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BY THE CORNISH SEA.

BY THE

REV. JOHN ISABELL,

AUTHOR OF "CORNISH TEMPERANCE TALES," ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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BY THE CORNISH SEA.

CHAPTER I.

THOUGHTS OF LOVE.

She listen'd with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace ;
For well she knew I could not chuse
But gaze upon her face.

Coleridge.

“ WELL, Jane, my nevy have a done a fine stroke of business to-day,” said Uncle Anthony, bustling into the room.

“ Has Captain Shortridge been very friendly ? ” she inquired.

“ ’Tis my solemn opinion, Jane,” said the old man, “ and I’m willin’ to take

my 'davy to it if you perticulary wish it, that that son of yours es a lucky dog. He's got hes bread buttered on boath sides, and hes tay es putty well sweetened."

"Whatever do you mean?" asked the niece in astonishment at this glowing description of Arthur's prospects.

"What do I mane?" said Uncle Anthony, "why this—anybody else would ha' been content to ha' struck a bargain for five shellen' a week, but my nevy have a meeade another bargain, to go a-fishing with the best man in St. Enodoc, and es castin' sheep's eyes on hes darter."

"Why, uncle," said Arthur, amazed to hear this charge, "I never spoke to Daniel Trewhella's daughter."

"Come, come," said Uncle Anthony, "don't tell me, you can spake weth your eyes as well as weth your mouth, and my

owld eyes aren't so blind yet that I ceeant see a grampus three yards off."

"You are only joking, uncle," said Arthur.

"Jokin'!" said the old gentleman, with a roguish smile upon his weatherbeaten countenance; "was you jokin' when you opened your eyes so wide when you went in as ef they was baw winders? And was Jenifer Trewhella jokin' when her white face went, while she sheeaked hands weth 'ee, so rud as a pickled cabbage, I was goin' to say—but that weeant do—blud weeant do, for that's gashly, and so rud as fire might do ef fire wodn sometimes blue—well so rud as my old silk pocket-handkercher?"

"Perhaps I did open my eyes more than usual," admitted Arthur, "for I never expected to see such a handsome young woman; but her blushing was only

the result of seeing a stranger unexpectedly.”

“Oh, of course,” assented Uncle Anthony; “but mark my words, Jane, and write them in the family Bible, under the births, marriages, and deaths, so as they’re handy by when you want ’em again.”

Arthur, in the course of a week, entered upon his partnership with Daniel Trehella. The profits were to be divided into three portions, one each of which the two fishermen took, while the other share went to Daniel, in return for his providing the boats and fishing-gear. Arthur, by this arrangement, was brought a good deal into contact with Trehella’s wife and daughter. Rebecca took very kindly to the strong, manly, young fisherman. Well-built as he was, and tall, with a fine, goodhumoured countenance, an intelligent

fellow, with a knowledge of books such as few of his class possessed, he was naturally a woman's favourite. He was no awkward clown struck dumb by a lovely face, nor was he one to imagine that indulgence in horseplay and coarse jokes was a passport to a woman's smiles. Mrs. Treleaven's gentle bearing and example had shown him the way to be at once strong and brave, and tender and true. Jenifer Trewhella did not seem to be attracted towards her father's new comrade. She rarely entered into any conversation with him, and, indeed, his presence seemed to put a restraint upon her tongue. As Arthur often dropped in of an evening, this could hardly pass unnoticed by her mother.

“Why are you so still in the evenings now?” she asked Jenifer; “you used to have a plenty to say.”

This was quite true, for Jenifer usually

was brimful of quiet fun. Now, however, she often sat for a whole evening and listened to the conversation between her father and Arthur, without offering any observation except in reply to a question.

"I don't know, mother," she answered, "I suppose it's because I like to listen to father."

"And doan't you like to listen to Arthur? I'm sure, as father says, he's a pleasant companion."

"Oh, yes, mother, he's very entertaining, but—"

"But what, Jenifer?"

"Well, mother, you see Arthur is almost a stranger, and I don't take very kindly to strangers."

"I doan't call un a streanger," said Rebecca, "he've a been weth us nearly three months now. Of course he's not an owld friend like Mark."

At the mention of Mark's name a deep blush spread over Jenifer's face, but she made no answer.

"When ded Mrs. Rundle hear from Mark? Ded she say, when you was in there this afternoon?" inquired Mrs. Trewhella.

"Two days ago," was the answer. "He says he's very well, and getting on capitally in the post-office. He has just been promoted, and the postmaster, he thinks, values his services very highly."

"Mark do value his awn services very highly, for that matter," said Mrs. Trewhella; "he edn heeaf so modest as Arthur."

"But Mark is really clever," said Jenifer.

"So he may be, but there's other people in the world so clever as he es. Ded a ask for you in the letter?"

“No, not in this letter; he did in the last. He asked for Esther Mansell, so Mrs. Rundle told me.”

“Esther Mansell! how long sence he got so fond of Esther Mansell? Sence Job’s fust cousin died, I s’poase, and left un all that money—seven hundred pounds it es, so Esther towld me; but Mark mustn’t be in too much hurry, for I’ve heeard that there’s a dispute about the will, and p’raps Jobey weeant git it after all.”

“I don’t believe for a minute that Mark was thinking of that,” said Jenifer, standing up for her old friend and playmate; “but yet ’tis a little strange that he should inquire for Esther, and not for me. She always seemed more fond of him than he was of her.”

“Your father and Arthur are now coming up the street,” said Mrs. Trewhella, looking out of the window. “Teeake

up the supper, Jenifer, so that father may have it as soon as he comes in; he must be hungry by this time, he went away directly after dennar, and 'tes near nine now. Well, Dan, what luck?" she inquired as the fishermen entered, carrying a large "maund" or wicker basket between them.

"We've done very well to-day," answered Dan cheerily, kissing his buxom wife; "we've catched nigh upon eighty mackerel, and as they're so scarce, we've meeade three ha'pence apiece of three score of 'em to owld Betty to sill again, and the rest we've brought home. Where's Jenny, mother?"

"Why, she was here a minute ago," was the answer; "I believe she's in the back kitchen teeakin' up the supper. I s'poase you'll look in after supper, Arthur."

“Perhaps I may,” he replied, “but it’ll be getting rather late by that time,” and, taking up the mackerel which fell to his share, he went off whistling.

When Arthur reached home he found his uncle pacing what he called his quarter-deck, which was a pathway in front of the house about fourteen feet long. Here the old salt smoked his pipe and took observations of the clouds, varied by occasionally hailing passing vehicles in sea-faring language.

“Back your topsails and I’ll put a pilot aboard,” he shouted as Arthur hove in sight. “Where are y’ from?”

“Back of the Gull Rock,” answered Arthur, laughing.

“Keep her full again.” continued the old mariner. “What’s your cargo?”

“Eight mackerel and a long nose,” Arthur replied, “and if you are still in

ballast you had better take one of the biggest aboard for supper."

"I afeard 'twouldn agree weth me ; my indigestion edn very good ; but go along in, your mother is waiting to give 'ee some supper. She've a got a turmut pasty for 'ee so long as my arm. We'll have the mackerel for breakfast."

Arthur gave his mother and Uncle Anthony a faithful account of the afternoon's proceedings, as soon as the toil of shortening the aforesaid pasty by several inches was ended, and then set off to call upon the Trewhellas.

"That's right," said Dan to Arthur as the latter opened the door, "I wanted to see 'ee very pertickler. Mrs. Dunstable have a sent down from the Castle to say that the gentleman who do visit there, and do spend moast of his time in gleeazin' at owld stoanes and treeade of that kind, would

like we to teeake un to-morrow, ef the wind es light, to the sail-hawl. He would like to catch a sail so as he may use un for hanotomycal purposes, so the man said. What do 'ee say about it, Arthur? will 'ee go?"

"Yes, I'll go with all my heart," answered Arthur; "but the old gentleman won't go into the seal-hole, will he?"

"Aw no, we two must swem in, and Mr. Burlington—that's owld spertacleze's neeame—he'll stay in the booat. Capen Penbole says he should like to go, and I'll ax George Roskilly. The capen and George can look after the booat and Mr. Burlington, while we swem in—but perhaps you'd rather stay in the booat, Arthur? 'T'es a gashly owld pleece to go into, and the sails turn oogly sometimes when they're cornered."

"No," was the answer; "I'd much rather

swim in, there won't be much fun in staying in the boat."

"Very well, then," said Dan, "I'll send up word to Mr. Burlington to be ready by six o'clock. Ef we start about that time we shall just have enough tide. Bring a good thick stick weth 'ee, Arthur."

Uncle Anthony and Mrs. Treleaven were ready for bed when Arthur arrived home. He did not like to tell his mother what expedition he was going on in the morning, but simply informed her that he must have breakfast about five, as he and Daniel were going to the back of the land at six, and Mrs. Treleaven, asking no questions, wished the two men "Good-night," and went upstairs. Uncle Anthony would have gone also, but Arthur detained him by sundry winks and shakes of the head. When his mother had closed her bedroom door, Arthur told his uncle what he was

going to do in the morning. He did not wait until they were in their room to explain for fear his mother should hear. He rather feared that Uncle Anthony would object to the seal hunt, but in this he was agreeably mistaken. Anthony Barker, although small of stature and slender of limb, had joined in more than one expedition to the seal-hole in his younger days, and his blood was stirred in his ancient veins at the thought of the long past battles and hair-breadth escapes in the gloomy cavern, lighted only by one or two torches.

“Why, Arter, my booy,” he said, “I’ve half a mind to go too; but there, I’m too owld now for that sort of work. My ropes are all coiled up, and I shall never again get the owld ship off the ground. ’Tis a rough job, but wha’s for that? You’re strong and can swem like a fish, so there

edn much danger. But we mustn't tell your mother, my son, till you come back; she'll be narvous, 'tis the way of the women. You do what Daniel do tell 'ee; he've a been there a brave many times, and do knaw the ground so well as I knaw my quarter-deck outside. Howld up your torch as you're swemming in, and mind your stick is a good strong one: I got served a trick once by taking an owld hoak stick. I drashed at the sail as hard as I could, when my wisht owld stick cracked off like a clay pipe, and then the sail—'twas an owld cow—knacked me down on the rocks, and gave me such a gash I can feel the mark on the back of my head to this day. There's a hoak end out in the backlet, you'd better take he. But come along to bed or mother'll think there's something up. I only wish I was young enough to take 'ee to Zon Rodner's hawl, tha's another

place for sails about twenty miles up the coast. It do run about three miles under the land."

Arthur opened his eyes considerably on hearing of this leviathan seal-hole, but although he felt inclined to ask whether the miles were English statute measure or not, he repressed his curiosity out of respect for Uncle Anthony. He merely remarked that he was surprised to hear that a seal-cave stretched so far under the land. Uncle Anthony looked at his nephew to see if he had any particular meaning in laying so much emphasis on the word "stretched," but thinking from Arthur's impassive countenance that it was only accidental, he took the candle and led the way upstairs.

CHAPTER II.

THE SEAL HUNT.

Lancaster. This is the strangest tale that ever I heard.

Prince. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.

Henry IV., Part I.

AT six o'clock to the minute Daniel and Arthur brought the boat to the quay, where Captain Penbole, whose schooner was lying in the pier, and George Roskilly were waiting for them.

"Morning, Dan," said the captain, "what do y' think of the weather?"

"Well 'tes fine now," was the answer, "but the wind, such as 'tes, es backin' round to the norrard and westerd, and, ef it do rise a bit, we shall have more say on

than the owld gentleman weth the spectacles 'll find agree weth his kitchen cupboard. 'T'es smooth enough now though. Jump aboard, capen. Now, George, tha's like a landsman, bringin' in all the dung weth 'ee. I hope the owld gent weeant keep us waitin'. Aw, here he es, and two men carr'in' things after un, as ef he was goin' round the world 'stead of round Carrick North Point. Mornin' sir, I'm afeared you had to git up earlier'n usual."

"Good-morning, my friend," said Mr. Burlington, "good-morning, it is rather earlier than usual. I prefer staying up late at night to getting up early in the morning. Indeed it seems to me, if I may so put it, rather—what shall I say?—indelicate, to intrude upon the world before she is properly awake."

"Are you troubled with the rheumatiz,

sir?" asked Daniel, winking to his companions.

"Rheumatism? Oh, no, thank you: what makes you think so?"

"I thought p'raps you might be," said Daniel, "as I see you've brought plenty of wraps for June month.

"Quite so," said Mr. Burlington, taking his seat in the stern of the boat; "I make a point whenever I go anywhere of being provided for all emergencies. So this morning, whether it rains or blows or the sun shines, I shall be a match for the weather. I'll trouble you, my young friend, for that umbrella; the sun, I find, is somewhat warm already."

In answer to this request, Arthur passed on to Mr. Burlington an enormous green gingham umbrella, with which that provident gentleman carefully extinguished himself. The wraps were passed aft so

as to be within reach, to wit, one large cloak of Irish frieze, a relic, judging from its weight and thickness, of some Arctic expedition; one overcoat of slighter texture for temperate regions; one oilskin jacket and lower garments to match; a wool shawl to wrap round his neck in case of fog, as Mr. Burlington explained; and a large rug which he tied round his waist for the benefit of his organs of locomotion, and which gave him the appearance of an archdeacon very much out of repair; and a thick pair of wool gloves.

“Nothing like keeping the extremities warm,” said he to Daniel; “to adapt an old proverb, ‘take care of the extremities and the main body will take care of itself.’”

It is to be feared that Mr. Burlington, like many another philosopher, was more given to enunciating theories than to

putting them into practice. At all events, it was evident that he distrusted the capability or readiness of the main body to take care of itself, for a hamper, weighing on a modest estimate about half a hundredweight, formed part of the burden under which the aforesaid two men-servants groaned.

“Is that for ballast?” asked Captain Penbole innocently; “I thought we were going to row the boat, Dan.”

“Aw, iss, capen, we are goin’ to row,” answered Daniel; “’tedn ballast, ’tes the gentleman’s luggage.”

“The captain deals in figures, Mr. — I beg your pardon, what is your name? ‘Daniel,’ thank you—Mr. Daniel, it is in a certain sense ballast, but it is intended to give stability to the occupants of the boat rather than to the boat itself. Oh, we are off, are we? What a fine day for our

little trip, and so smooth too. I was going to say that in the little hamper there is something to bring back our strength after the toils and excitement of the seal hunt. There is a nice piece of boiled beef—Mrs. Dunstable's cook packed it under my own supervision; you seafaring men are generally blessed with excellent appetites, I understand; a couple of fowls—the cook assured me she would warrant them both hens and tender; a nice tongue—fowl without tongue is extremely dry; a loaf or two of bread, and butter to correspond; a few bottles of ale, and some lemonade for any of you who are teetotalers; and last, but certainly not least, a flask of best brandy. I've been assured that brandy is a first-rate preventative against sea-sickness. Indeed I should have scrupled to come without it, as I am not accustomed to the sea, especially in a small boat. I don't think we

are badly off in the commissariat department, Mr. Daniel, do you ? ”

“ In the what, sir ? ” asked Daniel.

“ In the com., that is to say, provision department.”

“ No, sir,” said Daniel ; “ I think you’ve a cattered—doan’t they call it ?—very well. I shouldn’t mind being cast away on a raft for a week or two with all that there provision. Keep her out a bit, capen, so as we may teeake the tide.”

“ I suppose, sir, you don’t think of swimming into the seal-hole yourself ? ” inquired Captain Penbole of Mr. Burlington.

“ Oh, no, I think not,” was the answer. “ I’m afraid I’m not a sufficiently good swimmer for that sort of thing. I used to swim a good deal a long time ago when I went to school, upon two bladders. No thank you, I think I had better remain in the boat. Of course if you drive any of

the animals outside I shall be prepared to take an active part in the enterprise, that is, if you can lend me a stick. Or perhaps my umbrella might do, I have found it of great service in dealing with refractory animals, especially with an extremely unreasonable donkey I once had the misfortune to hire for three weeks when on an archæological expedition."

"You'll find sails more onreasonable than dunkeys," said Daniel; "and my advice to 'ee es, ef you see a sail comin' out of the hawl lev un go, he'll very likely ruin that there gingham of yours ef you go proddin' away weth un."

"Do you think so, Mr. Daniel? then perhaps I'd better not interfere. I should be very sorry to lose that umbrella; it's an old friend, a very old friend I may say. Four times I have had it covered afresh, and twice it has had new whale-

bone inserted, beside a trifle of repairs done to the handle. What is that hole in the rock just inside us? Is that a seal-hole?"

"No," answered Captain Penbole, "there are no seals inside the point, that's a mermaid's hole."

"A what?" inquired Mr. Burlington?

"A mermaid's hole. Mermaids are things women 'pon top and tails under," explained the captain. "I daresay you've read about 'em in books, sir. They set upon the rocks with their tails in the sea, and comb their hair and sing."

"But that's only a fable," said Mr. Burlington; "there's no such thing as a real live mermaid, you know."

"Then my owld uncle, Peter Penwarden, must have told a brave many lies," said Captain Penbole.

"Did he ever see a mermaid?"

“So he told me many a time. He said he was pulling a boat past the hole when a marmaid came out and made meanings to un a bit and asked un to come every evening, and so he did for a long time, till at last he tried to catch hold of her to lift her in the boat, when she gave the awfulest yowl that ever was, and went off with such a capperouse that she nearly filled the boat. He said he came along here a brave many times afterwards, but he never saw the marmaid no more.”

“But do you think your relative really saw all this?” asked Mr. Burlington.

“Well, sir,” answered the captain, “I heard un tell that he’ve a seen more stranger things than that. There’s that shurk, Dan, you’ve heard un tell about he?”

“Iss, a passel of times,” replied Daniel.

“What was there remarkable about the

shark?" inquired Mr. Burlington; "you said shark I think?"

"You're right, sir," answered Captain Penbole; "it was a shurk, a reg'ler bender, he must have been the patteryarch of all the shurks, judging from the size of un. 'Twas like this here, sir, my uncle Peter Penwarden he was cook of a barque called the *Flying Cloud*, sailing out of Bristol, and the second voyage he went to Jamaker, and for three weeks they lay at anchor in Kingston Harbour. The day after they arrove, when the cook—that's my uncle—was throwing the dish-water overboard he saw a great fish sheer along the ship's side, but before he could make un out he was gone. But every time he pitched anything over the side that there shurk—for they made un out to be a shurk after the first two or three times—would show his ugly teeth and glaze up at

the ship. Then the sailors made up their minds that somebody's time was come, but nobody got ill up to the day before they were to weigh anchor, and they thought that perhaps after all old glazer would be disappointed. But the very last day, as Uncle Peter was throwing over his dish-water as usual—they were to weigh anchor in the afternoon—he tumbled right out through the gangway, and before he could tell what was what, there he was in the sea, and old glazer was sheering up towards un. 'I'm done for,' said Uncle Peter to hisself; 'I shall be in glazer's inside before a rope can reach me.' All the time he was screeching 'Murder!' as hard as he could. 'Twas a fortynate thing for un he had on an old hoiler that he had just given a coat of coal-tar to, so as to fill up the cracks in un, for the shurk opened his mouth, and a half of Uncle Peter Penwarden

was out of sight in a minute—the top half too—but glazer didn't like the taste of the coal-tar and he spit un out at once, and before he could sheer up again Uncle Peter laid hold of a rope and was hauled over the side. 'Twas just in time too, for the shurk jumped out of the water and put his teeth in one of uncle's sea-boots, and away he went with the boot in his mouth, and a lucky thing it wasn't the leg.

“When Uncle Peter was got aboard he says to the captain, says he, ‘I'll serve he a trick for that,’ and a trick he did serve un, sure 'nough. He got a big square piece of fat pork and hollowed it out like a box, leaving a piece for a cover. Into this he put a small canister of gun-powder with a fuse all ready for lighting, sticking out through, and fastened down the cover so that it looked like nothing but a piece of pork same as before. Then

he got two other pieces of pork about the same size, and just as old glazer sheered up alongside he dropped a piece overboard, when it was clunked like a pill. In two or three minutes glazer came alongside again, and down went the other piece. 'Now then,' said Uncle Peter, 'stand by with a match.' Stand by they did, and just as glazer was coming on again he struck the match and set the fuse afire and dropped it overboard, a hinch or two ahead of his snout. In the winking of a heye down went the pill and Uncle Peter thought it dedn't agree with un very well, for he jumped clean out of the water to the height of the vessel's bulwarks, and then dived down to the bottom of the deep blue sea.

"In the course of the afternoon they weighed anchor, or I should say, they tried to weigh anchor, for pull the capstan-

bars so much as they liked, there was no moving the anchor. There happened to be a darkey aboard, and he volunteered to go down and see what was the matter. 'But aren't you afeared of the shurk?' the captain asked. 'No,' he said, 'he have got the little canister in his insides.' Well down he went with a weight fastened to his foot, and in a minute he came up with his face nearly white with fright, and so soon as he could speak he said, 'De shurk twenty, thirty foots of him is lying on the cable, and de little canister is gone out through de inside.' So they knew 'twas no good to go on hauling any longer, and cutting through their cable they bore away for home. My Uncle Peter used to say he never saw a whale, but from what he'd a heard that there glazer must have been nearly so big as a whale, and twice so savage."

“Very like a whale, very like a whale,” murmured Mr. Burlington.

“But what I was going to say was this,” continued the captain, “it wasn’t much for a man who had looked old glazer in the face to see a gashly little marmaid a combing of her hair.”

“Wonderful, wonderful,” said Mr. Burlington. “Your uncle is dead, did you say?”

“Yes, sir, dead as a door-nail this twenty year and more.”

“Ah! I’m sorry for that, I should much have liked to have made the acquaintance of your uncle—a remarkable man, a very remarkable man. How much further have we to go?”

“The sail-hawl es jist round the next point,” answered Daniel, “we shall be there in two or three minutes.”

“How are you feeling, Mr. Daniel?” inquired Mr. Burlington, peering at him through his green spectacles; “don’t you think a little brandy would be advisable to steady your nerves before you go into the cave?”

“Thenky, sir, all the seeame,” answered Daniel, “but I think brandy es wisht poor treeade to stidy a man’s nerves when he’s goin’ into deeanger; it’ll more like dazzle his eyes and meeake un all mizzy-meeazy. I’m thankful to say my nerves es ginerally putty stidy, but tedn owing to drinkin’ brandy, though I doant mind a drap now and then.”

“Oh, very well,” said Mr. Burlington, “you know best, of course. Are you going in by yourself?”

“No,” replied Dan; “Arthur, he who’s pullin’ the bow oar there, es goin’ in weth me, and the capen and George’ll look

after the boat. There you are, there's the hawl."

They had just doubled the point, and saw before them a gigantic cliff rising almost perpendicularly to the height of two hundred feet. This wall-like bulwark of the land stretched along the coast for a hundred yards or thereabouts, and was flanked to the right and left by broken masses of rock of the same character. Behind and above the granitic coast-line, for a considerable distance inland, were piled up, in every imaginable state of confusion, immense blocks of rock, looking like the ruins of some abode of the mythic Cornish giants, toppled over by the shocks of a mighty earthquake. At the base of the rock where it was intersected by the sea-line was an arch-like aperture, just large enough, now the tide was low, to admit a swimmer, but too narrow to give ingress to a boat.

Daniel and Arthur, as soon as the boat lay abreast of the hole, proceeded to divest themselves of their outer garments, while Captain Penbole and George Roskilly lighted up the torches prepared with tow steeped in turpentine and coal-tar. When all was ready Daniel and his comrade quietly dropped overboard, and received from the others their oak cudgels, which they fastened to their necks by a string, so that they might tow them after them, and a torch each, which they held out of the water with one hand while they swam with the other.

“Dear me, isn’t it very cold?” asked Mr. Burlington; “the very sight of you two in the water has made me chilly; I will put on my overcoat I think.”

“’Tis very comfortable, sir,” said Dan, laughing; “doant ’ee ait all the beef and fowls while we’re gone. Good-bye, sir.”

“Farewell, and I wish you success,” said Mr. Burlington, blandly; “you’re quite sure you won’t take a drop of brandy?”

“No brandy, thanky, sir,” said Dan, “we’re wet enough a’ready. Come along, Arthur.”

The two made straight for the cavern, holding the flaring torches high out of the water. In a very little time nothing could be seen but the glare of the lights; this was succeeded by a thin trail of smoke, and then all trace of the adventurous ones was lost—they were buried in the heart of the earth.

“This is a more trying business than I thought it would be,” Mr. Burlington remarked to the captain; “what if they should not be able to get out again, or should meet with some accident inside?”

“Never you fear for Daniel Trewhella,”

replied Captain Penbole ; “ if there ever was a trustworthy man, he’s one.”

“ Perhaps you would like something to eat,” suggested Mr. Burlington hospitably.

“ No, thenky,” said the captain ; “ I can’t eat nothing while they’re in there ; my nerves arn’t so steady as Dan’s ; perhaps ’tis because I’m older. I shall be all of a tremble till they come out again.”

“ Listen,” said George. “ Arthur said he would let me know when they got on dry land inside.”

A faint, long-drawn “ Ahoy ! ahoy ! ” as if from a considerable distance, came through the dark opening.

“ They’re in all right ! ” exclaimed George. “ Now then, seals, look out for yourselves, the Philistines are upon you.”

The archway through which Daniel and Arthur made their way opened out at

the end of fifteen or twenty feet into a wide passage terminating in a steep beach. The roof of the passage was, perhaps, twenty feet from the surface of the water, but the cave beyond stretched backwards and upwards too far for the dim light of the torches to penetrate.

As soon as the swimmers reached the beach Arthur gave the signal agreed upon with George, and then the two, with the torches held high in air and the oak staves grasped firmly in their right hands, scrambled up the loose pebbles towards the shelves of the rocks which the seals used as resting-places. Alarmed by the lights the animals scuttled from their beds towards the inmost corner of the cave, flinging back in their flight showers of stones against their assailants.

“Wait a bit,” said Dan to Arthur; “lev um go up to the top of the baich,

or else we shall p'raps git a oogly slap in the feeace weth a stooane. Then when they're got to the top we'll go towards em, and they'll try to rush past us towards the say; tha's your time, slap at em as hard as you can ovver the nawse; doant try to catch more'n wan, but meeake sure of he. Meeake your light burn a little brighter. Look straight up, there's a glimmer of daylight coming down through the rocks, but it edn enough to help us. Now then, Arthur."

They advanced until the dripping wall of the cavern could be dimly seen. At the foot of the wall were five dark forms huddled together.

Daniel gave a shout and brandished his stick, when suddenly the seals parted company and headed straight for the water. Each man singled out a seal and struck with all his might. Daniel was a

practised hand and soon despatched his antagonist. Arthur in his excitement missed his stroke, and was knocked backwards on the beach with great violence, the animal going right over him in its determination to reach the water. But Arthur, too, was determined, and twisting himself round quickly he seized the seal, and rising to his feet upset it in its turn, and before it could again use its limbs to any advantage the oak cudgel descended with fatal force. All this occurred in such a short time that Arthur was standing by the dead seal panting with his violent exertion before Daniel could go to his assistance.

The old salt was delighted to see his comrade's prowess and pluck, and, patting him on the back, he exclaimed,—

“Well done, that's as clever a job as ever was done in this hawl.”

“How shall we get them out to the boat?” asked Arthur, gratified by this commendation from the experienced hunter; “we can’t tow them out, can we?”

“No,” answered Dan, “we must get a couple of lines from the boat, and meake em fast to the sails, and then they can pull un out. You stay here while I swem out for the lines. Your torch es gone out; light un up again.”

When the torch was burning brightly Daniel swam off towards the boat, and Arthur was left alone in the faintly illuminated cavern. He was not by any means timid, but yet was conscious of a wish that Daniel’s absence would not be a prolonged one. This desire was quickened by a faint sound, like the moan of some one in pain, coming from a part of the cave which they had not intruded upon. Arthur supposed it was a seal and did not apprehend any

danger, but still it was decidedly unpleasant to be there alone, listening to weird noises proceeding from the dark recess. Again he heard the moan, which seemed now to come from a human being, and a cold perspiration was beginning to stand upon his brow when he was relieved by the reappearance of Daniel with the lines.

Daniel laughed when Arthur told him of the sounds and rallied him upon being nervous, but another and a louder moan coming from the darkness even while he was speaking, he began to think that after all there was something strange in the cave.

"Flare up your torch," he said; "lev us see what 'tes."

They advanced guardedly towards the place from whence the mysterious noises proceeded, until at last they made out the

form of a human being lying on the beach.

“Some poor drowned sailor,” said Daniel.

“He can’t be dead,” said Arthur; “dead men can’t groan.”

“That’s true,” assented Daniel, kneeling by the side of the prostrate figure; and holding the torch close to the man’s face he continued, “there’s life in un yet, though how he got here I ceeant understand, nor who he es. He’s some sailor by the looks of him. How ded ’ee git here, meeate?” he added in a louder tone.

The man opened his eyes, but was evidently too weak to give any explanation of his presence in this strange place. He tried to speak, but his parched lips gave out no articulate sound.

“How shall we get him out to the

boat?" asked Arthur; "he can't swim out, that's clear."

"We must try to meeake up a raft weth the oars," answered Daniel, "and then while the capen and George are pullin' we'll swem alongside so well as we can and keep his head out of the water. Will you stay here weth the poor fellow, Arthur, while I go off for the oars and things? A drap of the old gent's brandy'll rowse un up a bit I should think."

Arthur did not mind staying now that he knew it was no ghostly personage he had to deal with, and he at once assented to the proposal.

Mr. Burlington and the captain and George were astonished to see Daniel coming out without the seals and to hear him exclaim excitedly,—

"There's a man in the cave."

"I suppose there is," said George,

laughing, "I haven't seen Arthur come out yet. He's hardly gone by the back way seing it is only six inches wide and a couple of hundred feet long."

"No, no," said Dan, grasping the gunwale of the boat, "'tes a dead man I mane, leastways he edn quite dead, for he's able to grooan a bit."

"What in the world do you mean, Mr. Daniel?" asked the antiquary.

"Why some poor shipwrecked sailor have a got by some manner of manes into the hawl, and he's moanin' and groanin' as ef he weeant be long for this world," answered Daniel. "You had better bring the booat abreast the hawl, and thrav ovver the anchor, and tie the oars to wan of the lines, so as we can pull 'em in to meeake a raft to put un upon. We must be sharp too, for the tide'll soon cover the mouth of the hawl."

“Hadn’t you better take the brandy-flask with you?” asked Mr. Burlington. “If he is so exhausted as you say, he’ll want a stimulant before he can bear to be removed.”

Daniel, after seeing that the flask was securely stopped, fixed it in his waistband, and, the oars having been tied to one of the lines, again entered the cavern, saying as he disappeared,—

“As soon as you hear us shout you, pull gently. We’ll steer the poor fellow out.”

In a few minutes the oars were tied side by side, and the sailor, somewhat revived by a dose of strong brandy, placed upon them. The signal was given, the line was gently drawn, and the raft went slowly towards the boat, Daniel holding the man’s head out of the water while Arthur held the torch so that the way might be seen.

“I have seen him somewhere,” exclaimed Arthur, as soon as they emerged into the daylight. “Why, as I am alive, its Jemmy Nash of Pendruthan! How in the world did he get here?”

This was a question which only Nash could answer, even if there were time, and time was pressing now. The captain and George lifted the poor fellow into the boat very tenderly, and a rough couch was made of Mr. Burlington’s superfluous coats and shawls. The fresh air had a marked effect upon him, and he soon revived so as to be able to speak, though with difficulty. He explained that he had fallen overboard from a passing steamer two nights before, and although he had managed to support himself by a life-buoy that was thrown after him, the boat lowered failed to discover him in the darkness, and he drifted slowly towards the

shore. After a time he fainted from the exposure, and when he came to himself he was lying on the beach of the cave, left dry by the receding tide. He had been so battered and bruised by the waves and the rocks that he was only able to crawl above high-water mark, and lie down helpless in the recess where they found him. He knew that this was the second day by the faint glimmer of light which entered through the aperture in the rock.

“You may thank God, mate, that you happed to light ’zactly upon the mouth of the hawl,” said Daniel; “ef you had gone a yard to the right or lift you’d a bin drashed to atoms upon the rocks. But you mustn’t talk too much; lie down and rest yourself, and we’ll soon put ’ee ashore. Lay howld of wan of the lines, Arthur, and come along; we’ll have they there sails out in the twinkin’ of a heye.”

When the seals were on board the anchor was weighed and the boat headed for St. Enodoc. The wind had risen in accordance with Daniel's prognostications, and a slight roll was coming in. The seasoned sailors and fishermen took no notice of it, but it had a disturbing effect upon Mr. Burlington. The first symptom of future trouble was a series of yawns. Daniel knew what this foreboded, but he winked to the captain, who was steering, and said,—

“Would 'ee like to lie down for a nap, sir, while we're pullin' the boat in? you got up early this mornin'.”

“No, thank you,” was the reply, “I don't feel sleepy, but yet I can't keep from yawning somehow. I suppose it is the fresh sea air.”

Another wink from Daniel conveyed to the captain his opinion that something else

than fresh air was the cause of the immoderate yawning. Presently Mr. Burlington became restless, shifting his position often, and gazing in turn at the sky and the sea.

“I shall be glad if you will put me on shore as soon as possible,” he said at length, “I don’t feel at all well. I can’t think what is the matter with me.”

“I’ve been lookin’ at ’ee for some time,” said Daniel, “and I think you’re goin’ to be a bit sick.”

“Ah, perhaps that is it, ’tis a long time since I was on the sea, and I’ve quite forgotten the sensation. If you’ll describe it, Mr. Daniel, I shall be able to judge whether it is sea-sickness or something worse.”

“Well, sir,” said Daniel, “’tes a thing I arn’t on spakin’ terms weth, but I’ve a heard that it do meeake ’ee feel qualmish weth a all-overish sort of a feelin’, as ef

you'd be glad for somebody to pitch 'ee into the say. Do you feel like that, sir?"

"I can't say I do," was the answer; "I have no particular desire to be thrown overboard at present, but I am certainly much disturbed internally. There, I had nearly forgotten the brandy—I have great confidence in that as a remedy. I hope there's a little left, Mr. Daniel."

"Aw, iss, sir, more'n you can clunk between here and the shore."

Mr. Burlington took the flask and administered to himself a strong dose, but somehow it failed to produce the anticipated effect, and in a short time the inward perturbation manifested itself in the usual manner.

"Hould your head ovver the side, sir," said Daniel, "you'll be better directly."

"I don't think I shall ever be better in

this world," groaned Mr. Burlington, "I believe I'm dying."

"I've heard plenty say that in my time," said Captain Penbole, "but they all picked up again afterwards. Drink a drop more brandy."

"I am beginning to doubt the efficacy of brandy," murmured the sufferer, "but I'll try another sip."

"Take a good swig," suggested the captain.

Mr. Burlington, acting on this advice, emptied the flask, with the result of apparently setting his interior on fire. He gasped and coughed and groaned, while the tears ran down his face in streams. Unbuttoning the temperate region coat to cool himself, he flung it from him with such energy that it fell over the side of the boat, and pulling off his hat for the same purpose, he placed it carefully on the

seat, and then, with great dexterity, caused its utter collapse by seating himself upon it.

“My dear sir, howld on,” remonstrated Daniel, “or you’ll be overboard. We shall raich the shore in a minute or two now. Take a drop of lemonade to cool your thrott.”

But Mr. Burlington was still in an extremely dilapidated condition when the boat struck the beach, and could only reach the Castle by the aid of George Roskilly, who was scandalized and put to shame by a troop of small boys following them up the hill, and making odious remarks on Mr. Burlington’s damaged hat and intoxicated appearance. The antiquary’s parting words to George were,—

“I’ll never go to hunt seals again, no, not if I live till I’m as old as Methuselah.”

CHAPTER III.

DISTRESSED DAMSELS.

Round the cape of a sudden came the sea.

Robert Browning.

MR. BURLINGTON had somewhat recovered by the afternoon, and sent a message to Daniel that he was to care for the rescued sailor at Mr. Burlington's expense, and that the contents of the hamper were at Daniel's disposal. The answer was returned that everything possible should be done for Nash, who was recovering rapidly from his exhaustion. The man who brought the message was then laden with the antiquary's many coats, and Daniel advised him to hoist the green umbrella

to screen himself from the sun. Unfortunately for the man, he followed this advice, with the result that the precious gingham was turned inside out at the very first corner and resolutely refused to turn back again. Perhaps contact with the archæological donkey had instilled a stubborn stiffness into its ribs, but kicked and knocked and thumped it refused to bend, and the guilty servant had to deliver it to its owner, looking more like a dilapidated cabbage than a staid and respectable umbrella.

Daniel proposed to Captain Penbole that they should get up a little feast next day with the contents of the hamper, and the captain, never loth to grace a feast, assented, with the proviso that the banquetting-hall should be the cabin of the *Clara*, and that he should be allowed to provide the liquid part of the entertain-

ment. Accordingly, invitations were issued to Mrs. Trewhella and Jenifer, and Mrs. Treleaven and Uncle Anthony, to meet the redoubtable seal-hunters on board the *Clara* at one o'clock precisely on the following day. Jemmy Nash was already on board. Daniel would have housed the poor fellow but for lack of room, and the captain, who did not come behind his friend in generous feeling for the distressed, insisted that he should make the *Clara* his home until he was able to proceed to Liverpool to join his ship.

Mrs. Trewhella offered to assist the captain in arranging the table and cooking the necessary vegetables, but he protested energetically that the ladies should not put a single finger to the preparation—they were to be honoured guests, not waiters. His cook would see to the culinary department, while the rest of the

crew, consisting of one man and a boy, would learn to wait specially for the occasion.

As the church clock was striking one on the following day the guests stepped on the well-scrubbed deck of the *Clara*. Captain Penbole, arrayed in his very best, received them at the gangway, and led them at once to the cabin, where they found everything, as the captain expressed it, "ship-shape and Bristol fashion." The boiled beef graced the head of the table, while the fowls, warranted as aforesaid by Mrs. Dunstable's cook, guarded the right and left flanks, and crowds of skirmishers, in the shape of bread, beer, and vegetables, took advantage of every unoccupied position.

The captain took the chair, having Mrs. Trewhella and Mrs. Treleaven on his right and left respectively, and George Roskilly

and Uncle Anthony faced each other, while Jenifer and Arthur did the same. Nash had begged to be excused on account of his weakness. Uncle Anthony being the senior member of the party was called upon to say grace. The old tar devoutly closed his eyes, put his face into his hat, and said, "For this here dennar the Lord meeake us thankful."

"Now then, fall to," said Captain Penbole when they were seated. "Mrs. Trewhella, a little beef? No? Some fowl for Mrs. Trewhella and your mother, Arthur, and don't forget that young lady by your side. You like a bit of beef, I know, Uncle Anthony?"

"Iss, sure," answered the old man; "nooane of your chicks for me; but the beef edn like it used to be, capen."

"'Tisn't so fat I suppose you mean?" said the captain.

“Tedn so substantial,” said Uncle Anthony. “Why when I sailed in the *Jolly Briton*—that’s fifty years ago—we had some beef, sure ’nough. The ship was more’n ninety year owld, and some of the casks had gone every voyage in her. ’Twas that hard it would a’most turn the edge of your knife when you tried to cut it. One piece the cook used, so he said, for a block to cut up sticks upon. Ah! that was something like beef, it wodn a bite and a clunk, but was something to chew the cud upon. But my teeth arn’t so good as they was then.”

“I never saw salt junk so hard as that,” said Captain Penbole, “but I’ve seen some pork that I shouldn’t much like to put before the ladies here. I remember a voyage I went once in a whaler hailing from Dundee. We got frozen up at the end of the season, and had to winter in

Baffin's Bay. We ought to have come away in time, but the captain foolifed us till it was too late. Well, just as we were going to have our beef and plum-pudden on Christmas Day, the steward comes up to the captain, and he says, says he, 'Captain, I can't make out what's the matter in the store-room, one of the barrels of pork that we took over from the barque *Grand Turk* is moving about as if there was somebody pushin' it.' 'Nonsense,' said the captain, 'how can the barrel move when the ship is fixed in the ice so firm as a house?' 'Will you come and look, sir?' said the steward. 'Certainly, I will,' said the captain; 'get a light.' So they went down into the store-room and sure enough the barrel was creaking and groaning. 'Is it sperrits?' asked the steward. 'Sperrits! no, 'tis pork,' said the captain. 'I mean ghostes,'

said the steward. 'I'll make ghostes of 'em,' said the captain; 'hoist the cask on deck,' and so they did. 'Now, then, carpenter,' said the captain, 'out with the head.' ''Twon't go off, I hope,' said the carpenter. 'Go off!' said the skipper, getting into a passion, 'what a lot of idiots'—that's the word he used—'what a lot of idiots I've got around me. How can a pig go off when he's been cut up this ten year?' He gave two or three hard slaps, and then if that old cask didn't go abroad with a bang and knock everybody backwards; not with the blow though, but with the smell. All the brine had run out, and the pork was alive and kicking. And that was the only time in my life I ever saw a pig move a barrel after he'd been cut up and salted."

After these veracious yarns the conversation became general. When the meal

was ended and cleared away, Captain Penbole proceeded to brew strong glasses of grog for those who were not teetotalers, while Jenifer and the two young men strolled about on deck. Jenifer was compelled to leave early, having to do some business for Miss Jink at a farmhouse about a mile from St. Enodoc. George and Arthur therefore helped her on shore, and then returned to listen to Captain Penbole's nautical yarns, all warranted true by that ancient mariner.

When the guests landed about eight o'clock in the evening, Arthur, finding that Jenifer had not returned, set off to meet her. He reached the farmhouse in about half an hour, and found that she had left with Esther Mansell, going, it was believed, in the direction of the bay, but they were not to be seen anywhere on the beach, and Arthur, concluding that

they must have gone home by way of the cliff, set off, if possible, to overtake them.

When he reached Deadman's Haven, a little bay with a pebbly beach, bounded by two jutting points, he was astonished at hearing a cry from the bottom of the cliff. Whoever the cry came from was in great peril, for the advancing tide had passed the points and was rapidly covering the little beach. Arthur shouted in return, and peered over the lofty cliff. What was his horror to find that the prisoners exposed to such danger were Jenifer Trewhella and Esther Mansell. There was no time to be lost. Before he could run to St. Enodoc and get a boat round the point the tide would have reached them. The best plan would be to run to the farmhouse he had just left for ropes and assistance. Shouting to Jenifer to be of good cheer,

for help would soon arrive, he set off at the top of his speed, and astonished the sober farmer by bursting into his kitchen, and gasping out,—

“Ropes, get some long ropes! Jenifer Trehwella and Esther Mansell are under the cliff, and the tide is coming in.”

“What cliff?” asked the stolid master of the house.

“Be as quick as you can,” exclaimed Arthur impatiently, “the beach is covered at half tide. Come along, I’ll show you the place.”

The farmer and his two sons, now thoroughly roused, sprang up from their seats and rushed to the outhouses for ropes long and strong enough to prove of service.

When Arthur and his friends reached the cliff they found that the tide was just reaching the hapless couple. Fortunately

the sea was comparatively smooth, and there was no danger of a wave dashing in and sweeping them away before the tide fairly reached them. A bight was made in the rope, and Arthur, placing it round his waist, was lowered slowly down the hundred feet of the face of the cliff. He found the two girls cowering against the rock, their feet being already covered by the water.

“Now then, Jenifer,” said Arthur, “put this rope under your arms and hold on tight.”

“No, let Esther go up first,” asked Jenifer.

“Yes, do please let me go first,” exclaimed Esther; “don’t let me be drowned, don’t let me be drowned.”

“Very good,” replied Arthur, “there’s no time to stand here arguing. There’s no great danger from the tide, so she may go first if she will.”

In a minute the rope was placed around Esther, and the signal was given to the three men at the top to pull away. The whirling motion frightened her and she began to scream, but she managed to keep herself from striking the cliff, and in a short time stood safely on the top. The rope was again let down, and Jenifer was next drawn up.

“Now then, Arthur,” shouted the farmer as he lowered the rope, “hold on and we’ll soon have you up.”

Unfortunately the rope in its passage along the rock had suffered such injury that its strands parted when Arthur was about twenty feet from the bottom, and he went rolling down into the sea with a splash which was heard at the top. The lightened rope, too, told its own tale.

“You arn’t killed, are you?” asked the farmer anxiously, leaning over the cliff.

“No,” was the answer, “I am not killed, but the breath is almost knocked out of me. Have you got any more rope?”

“Yes,” said the farmer, “I have more rope, but no rope strong enough to bear your weight, now that the one we were using is at the bottom of the cliff. What shall we do?”

“Whatever you do must be done quickly,” said Arthur; “I can’t stay here very long without being drowned. If you have got no rope that will bear my weight, send somebody into the town to get a boat out and lower down what rope you’ve got, it will help me to support myself on the ledge of rock just above me.”

Jenifer, in terror lest Arthur after rescuing her should be drowned himself, rushed off towards St. Enodoc at the top of her speed, and astonished her father

and mother by rushing into the house gasping and breathless.

As soon as she could speak she exclaimed, "Arthur is drowning! he is under the cliff at Deadman's Haven! you must go round in a boat, there are no ropes there."

"How ded a git there?" asked Daniel.

"Getting Esther and me up," answered Jenifer; "but be quick, father, or the tide will wash him away."

Daniel, grasping the situation, rushed to the quay, and in a minute or two a six-oared gig, manned by the idlers who were as usual pacing up and down seaman-fashion, was making for Deadman's Haven with all possible speed. Happily it was a moonlight night, or Arthur's chance of rescue would have been a slight one. As soon as the gig rounded the point Daniel gave a loud "Ahoy!" In a few moments

an answering shout was borne across the water.

“That’s Arthur,” said Daniel excitedly, “I knaw his voice : pull away, booy, ’tis for life or death.”

When they reached the haven they found Arthur up to his armpits in water, clinging to a ledge, and partially supported by a rope round his waist, which the farmer and his sons were holding. They quickly got him into the boat, and found that the tips of his fingers were cut and bleeding from his desperate grasp of the rocks.

“Thank God,” he said, as they pulled him in, “I am safe. I was just going to drop off and try to swim round to the cove, but it would be a long swim for me and a risky one. You came just in time to save me.”

“How ded ’ee git down there?” asked Daniel. “I couldn’ meaake out what Jenifer said. Thank the Lord,” said he

reverently, when Arthur had explained, "and thank you too for seeavin my Jenny. I would lay down my own life rather'n a hair of her head should be hurt."

Most of the inhabitants of St. Enodoc appeared to be on the quay when the boat reached land again. The news of Arthur's rescue of the girls and of his own peril had soon spread, and an enthusiastic welcome awaited him. He was seized as soon as his foot touched the quay, and hoisted upon the shoulders of a couple of strong fishermen and borne off in triumph to his home, surrounded by the cheering crowd.

Mrs. Treleaven felt very proud of her son that night, and Uncle Anthony, to mark his sense of the event, read at family prayers the chapter recording Jonah's deliverance by the whale, and the two Prayers to be used in Storms at Sea.

CHAPTER IV.

THE AMOROUS ANTIQUARY.

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together :
 Youth is full of pleasance, age is full of care ;
 Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather ;
 Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare.
 Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short ;
 Youth is nimble, age is lame ;
 Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold ;
 Youth is wild, and age is tame.

Shakespeare's "Passionate Pilgrim."

ON the morning after Arthur's perilous adventure, Mr. Burlington bore down upon Uncle Anthony, who was pacing his quarter-deck in meditative mood, and thus addressed that ancient mariner,—

“Ahem ! excuse me, but are you Mr. Barker ?”

“I can’t say as I am,” was the answer, “leastways I arn’t very often called Mister. I’m generally Tony Barker at your service.”

“Tony Barker?” said Mr. Burlington, “yes, this is the right house then. I hear that your young relative—an acquaintance of mine I may say—had a narrow escape last night in executing his chivalrous feat of rescuing, if I may so put it, some distressed damsels.”

“Iss to be sure,” said Uncle Anthony, “and a breeave booy he es, but you’re mistaken in wan perticler, ’twasn’t his feet that was executed, but his finger-ends,’ and they was gashed up fine, sure ’nough; but his mother says they’ll soon be all right again weth the Dutch drops she’s puttin’ to ’em.”

“Ah, um, may I see the young fellow?” asked Mr. Burlington.

“Certingly, sir,” answered Uncle Anthony; “he edn ashamed for the Lord High Admiral to see un. Plaise to wipe your shoes and step in, sir.”

This shoe-wiping was a somewhat arduous business, for Uncle Anthony, in his determination to apprehend every atom of dust before it could reach the parlour, had set mats in every possible position in the porch and passage. Feeling that his own example would be more potent than any precept in educating Mr. Burlington up to his own ideal, Uncle Anthony preceded that gentleman, wiping as he went. First he rubbed his spotless shoes on the grass edging of his quarter-deck, supplementing this with a vigorous application of the door scraper, then he wiped them on the mat in the porch, next he tacked so as to fetch another mat at the bottom of the stairs, then wearing the ship, he

touched upon another cunningly fixed in a small recess in the passage, and lastly with a fair wind bore down upon a large mat of his own manufacture stationed at the parlour door. Mr. Burlington, having faithfully copied Uncle Anthony and shaken all the dust from his feet, entered the parlour, and the old man went in search of Mrs. Treleaven and Arthur.

“How do you do, madam?” said Mr. Burlington, politely bowing as they entered; “how do you do, my young friend? I was very pleased to hear of the event of last night—I mean, of course, the rescue, not the danger—and I thought I would call this morning to show my appreciation. Will you oblige me, my young friend, by accepting a couple of sovereigns as a mark of my approbation of your conduct?”

“I hope you won’t be offended, sir, but I would rather not take them,” said Arthur.

“I didn’t do it for what I should get ; and I would do the same again to-day for anybody.”

“Just so, my young friend,” said Mr. Burlington, “just so. I am not offering to pay you for what you did ; I only want to show my appreciation of a brave deed.”

“Teeake it, Arthur,” said Uncle Anthony, “teeake it and buy a chronometer weth it, and keep it in remembrance of what comed to pass in the olden time afore us, as the Litany says.”

“No, uncle,” said Arthur, “it will look too much as if I was proud of it, and after all there wasn’t much to be proud of.”

“May I make another suggestion ?” asked Mr. Burlington.

“Certingly,” answered Uncle Anthony, “you can meeake so many suggestions as you’ve got a mind to. Plaise to spake up, sir.”

“Well then,” said the antiquary, “as my young friend has an unconquerable delicacy—I think I may call it that, Mr. Barker—” (“Certingly” from Uncle Anthony). “Therefore, as I was about to remark—a—perhaps, madam, you will do me the honour to accept the money and invest it in a new shawl as a memento of your son’s noble conduct.”

“Hear, hear,” said Uncle Anthony, “teeake it, Jane, teeake it: ’twould be temptin’ Providence to refuse it arter the gentleman have meeade such a purty speech about it: ’twas nearly all grammar. Hear, hear,” and Uncle Anthony in his enthusiasm waved his hat energetically.

Mrs. Treleaven yielded to this double request and took the money, and the donor, shaking hands all round in token of his goodwill, set off for Daniel Trewhella’s.

“I wonder if the old gentleman would

have given the two sovereigns if he had recognized me as the boy who knocked off his hat with the "mun" in the pilchard-cellar at Pendruthan," said Arthur.

"You gov he 'mun' and he gov you money," said Uncle Anthony, chuckling at his atrocious pun; "and I think I'll go out and teeake the sun, my sonny," and he went out to pace his quarter-deck, giving vent to a loud chuckle at intervals of about five minutes for the next hour at the recollection of his brilliant jokes.

"I called to inquire for your daughter, who had such a romantic adventure last night," said Mr. Burlington to Daniel Trewhella, whom he found smoking a pipe on his doorstep. "It was a narrow escape, was it not? your comrade is a brave young fellow, there is no question about that."

"There edn a breeaver on the north

cooast," said Daniel, "and he's as good as he's breeave. Come inside, sir. The mistess and Jenifer are boath here."

Mr. Burlington obeyed and found himself face to face with the "distressed damsel." He was not prepared to see such a beautiful young woman, but expected rather to set his eyes upon a rough hoyden of the coast, and seemed unable, therefore, to find anything to say for some moments.

"Ah, how do you do, Mrs. Daniel?" said he, recovering himself; "is this your daughter whose life was in danger?"

"Iss, sir," answered Rebecca.

"Well I must say, Mr. Daniel," said the antiquary,—“I am not in the habit of paying compliments—I must say, although I am past the age of romance and sentiment, I should be strongly tempted to risk my own life to save such an—I will put it

mildly—to save such an extremely interesting young woman.”

Jenifer, who had been uneasy while Mr. Burlington was making his little speech, now left the room, her fair face covered with blushes.

“A very fine girl, a very fine girl,” said the antiquary, not putting it quite so mildly now that Jenifer was gone.

“Have ’ee got ovver the sail hunt?” asked Daniel, abruptly changing the subject.

“Well yes, I think I am all right again now,” answered Mr. Burlington, “but I have come to the conclusion that at my age it is well to abstain from such perilous adventures, especially on the sea, Mr. Daniel. I have brought you this for your trouble in getting the two seals for me,” and he handed Daniel three pounds. “You can share it as you think fit among

your companions," and saying this Mr. Burlington went on his way, muttering as he went, "A very fine girl, a very fine girl."

"A very rummy old gent," was Daniel's comment, as the antiquary went up the street.

It is to be feared that Cupid's shaft had pierced the heart of Mr. Burlington. Every day afterwards he found some errand which brought him to Daniel's house. Either he wished to consult Daniel, or to hear some of his nautical and fishing adventures over their pipes. Whenever Jenifer appeared, Mr. Burlington would fix his eyes upon her without uttering a word; and when she became conscious of this scrutiny and left the room, he invariably muttered, "A very fine girl, a very fine girl."

One evening Jenifer had to take a parcel

for Miss Jink to a house about a mile and a half from St. Enodoc, and on the way back turned out of her direct road to look at a beautiful waterfall, known as St. Conan's Fall.

The approach was up a lovely valley divided by a sparkling brook, crossed here and there by rustic bridges, which rippled and brawled over the pebbles. The sides of the valley were covered to their summit with ferns and wild flowers and stunted trees. The path which led to the fall was traced, sometimes one side of the brook, sometimes the other, now over a miniature mountain, through a gorge of which the streamlet rushed, now through the gorge itself, by the side of the cool water, over dripping moss and plants which love the dank recess. A deafening roar indicated the exact situation of the waterfall. Through an opening worn in

the hard rock the water thundered down into a basin which it had hollowed out thirty feet below, and rushing out again from thence dashed down another twenty feet, and went roaring through the valley. No sunlight ever fell on the white sheet of water, ever falling. A dimly-lighted chamber of solid rock was the weird temple in which the three sisters, the fabled nymphs of St. Conan, poured out their libations.

Jenifer had turned away from the fall, and was going down the valley, when at the first bridge she met Mr. Burlington, who was on his way to inspect the ruins of St. Conan's Chapel, which were situated just above the waterfall.

"My dear young friend," said Mr. Burlington, "how do you do? I intended to go on to St. Conan's, but it has only

just occurred to me that I have an appointment which will necessitate my going back at once. Will you permit me to accompany you down the valley? 'Tis very lovely, is it not?"

Jenifer would have been glad if Mr. Burlington had forgotten his engagement and left her to go home alone, but she did not quite know how to show him this without appearing rude, and she therefore made no audible objection to his proposal.

"Do you like this valley?" he asked again.

"Very much," was the reply.

"It is very romantic," continued Mr. Burlington; "it inspires one with a sentimental feeling difficult to describe," and as he said this he gazed at Jenifer in such a strange way that she began to think his mind was slightly unhinged. "You have

noticed that I often call at your house?" he went on.

"Yes," Jenifer answered, "and father is very pleased to have your company. I heard him saying so the other evening."

"Very kind of him to say so, very kind indeed, but it is not altogether to see your estimable parent that I call at your house—the fact is there is another attraction."

"Well you are not the first who has found mother's society agreeable," said Jenifer, wilfully misunderstanding Mr. Burlington's obvious meaning.

"Your mother is an ornament to her sex," said he, "but it was of your mother's daughter that I was speaking. The fact is, I have admired *you* ever since I first saw you."

"I am afraid then your visits have not given you much pleasure, for you have

had very little of my company," said Jenifer, laughing.

"The times when I saw you were like angels' visits, few and far between; but even a glimpse of paradise is better than nothing at all."

"I don't know about that," answered Jenifer, "it seems to me it would only tantalize one."

Mr. Burlington cleared his throat two or three times as if he had a difficulty in proceeding; at last he said,—

"You can't have helped noticing that I like you."

"I assure you I never noticed it," Jenifer replied.

"I more than like you," continued Mr. Burlington, "I feel that I love you dearly."

"Oh, please sir, you must not talk like that," exclaimed Jenifer; "you are a

gentleman and I am only a poor dress-maker; it isn't right that you should talk of love to me."

"But I must talk of it," protested Mr. Burlington; "you might as well try to stop the waterfall as try to stop the expression of my love for you, it must come out."

"Please don't talk like this," said Jenifer, "or I shall not go on."

"Oh, do listen to me," pleaded the antiquary, sinking on his knees and seizing her hand; "what if I am in a different social position? I am rich enough to disregard society, and I can make you a happy lady if you will accept my love. Please do listen to me. Perhaps you might come to love me after we are married if you don't now."

"Love you!" exclaimed Jenifer, angrily extricating her hand from his tight

grasp, "never; and I am astonished at your making yourself ridiculous in this way. I'll never speak to you again. Please let me go on alone or I shall turn back again."

At this juncture a loud peal of laughter was heard from behind a low hedge to the left of the path, followed by a volley of "tabs," or pieces of fresh turf. The "tabs" were well aimed, as Mr. Burlington's garments testified, and the recipient of these gifts came hastily to the conclusion that it would not be well to wait for explanations, and therefore sprang to his feet and rushed down the valley with all the speed he could command. Unfortunately the hedge lay in the same direction, and the individuals who so ruthlessly interrupted his love-scene pursued Mr. Burlington with "tabs" so far as the next bridge.

This was an edifice of the rustic style of architecture, and the builders had not troubled to cut off the projecting knots and ends of the trees. Consequently when Mr. Burlington crossed the bridge with pennons flying and banners waving, in other words, with coat-tails fluttering in the breeze, the result was somewhat disastrous, for the right tail caught in a rough end of a branch and incontinently parted company with the main body of the coat, to be picked up as a trophy by the ribald rustics who threw the afore-said "tabs;" and Mr. Burlington reached St. Enodoc Castle a quarter of an hour after with a lame story of losing his coat-tail in making his escape from an infuriated cow.

CHAPTER V.

HA, HA, THE WOOLING O'T.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
 Men were deceivers ever,
 One foot in sea and one on shore,
 To one thing constant never ;
 Then sigh not so, but let them go,
 And be you blithe and bonny.

Much Ado about Nothing.

MRS. TREWHELLA waxed very indignant when Jenifer arrived home and related her scene with Mr. Burlington by St. Conan's brook.

“The owld rascal ! to go meeakin' love, as he do call it, to you. Why he's owld enough to be your grandfather, and he do look owlder than that—owld enough to be fust cousin to Methusalum.”

Daniel was not inclined to be so severe in his judgment.

“He’s a foolish owld chap,” he said, “to go courtin’ a young girl, one that edn in high life too, but I dcant see, ’Becca, that he’ve a committed any crime, and if I was behind the hedge when they youngsters pelted un weth ‘ tabs,’ I should ha’ bin inclined to give um a clip under the ear. What do you say, Jenny?”

“I say,” answered Jenifer, “that he’s a detestable old man. Marry him, indeed, with his long coat and green spectacles! I would just as soon marry an old goat.”

“Mark is back,” said Daniel, laughing; “you would sooner marry ’ee, wouldn’ ’ee?”

“Don’t talk like that, father,” said Jenifer, reddening; “I don’t want to marry Mark or any one else, and I don’t think anybody but that old fright wants to marry me.”

“Aw, I know better than that,” said Daniel, “you doant knaw all the water that goes ovver the wheel. I knaw a young fellow or two who have got his heye upon ’ee, Jenny.”

“Be quiet, father,” remonstrated Rebecca, “doant ’ee taise her any more, and doant ’ee teeake any notice of what father do say, my dear; he do like to jokey a a bit sometimes. Where are ’ee goin’, Jenny?”

“Oh, only out into the garden,” answered she, leaving the room.

“I wish you wouldn’t taise her so,” said Rebecca, “you can see she doant like it.”

“Howld tha tongue, ’Becca,” was Dan’s answer; “you do knaw that I awnly towld her what’s nateral to women; their heads es fulfilled weth sweethearts and treeade of that kind all the days of their life.”

Rebecca became so indignant at this libel upon her sex that Daniel was fain to light his pipe and saunter off towards the quay.

Jenifer left the house to escape her father's badinage, but she found things quite as unpleasant in the garden, for over the hedge was her whilom lover, Mark, enjoying the cool summer air as he smoked his cigar. The meeting was somewhat an awkward one. Both were conscious that their relation to each other had changed since the evening when Mark in the boat had made love to Jenifer.

"I was coming in soon to see you," said Mark; "are you very well?"

"Yes, I am very well," was Jenifer's answer; "father told me he had seen you. How long does your holiday last?"

"A fortnight," he replied, "but I'm not sure that I shall stay in St. Enodoc

all the time; it is too slow for me after Bristol."

"You used to be very contented here," Jenifer said, "but Bristol I suppose has changed your tastes. I notice that you don't care enough for your poor friends to come to see them as you used."

"Oh, that's nonsense," replied Mark, "it has nothing to do with my being at Bristol. But it strikes me that you have changed as well as I, now you have got your new lover."

"New lover?" said Jenifer, her face flushing scarlet; "do you mean Mr. Burlington? Have you heard that foolish story already? I couldn't help it if he forced himself upon me."

"Mr. Burlington? Is he here again? No, I don't mean him. Has that old guy been making love to you?"

"He made himself very ridiculous," an-

swered Jenifer; "but if you don't mean him, what do you mean by my new lover?"

"I mean that Goliath of a young fisherman who is so sweet upon you."

"If you mean Arthur Treleaven, he has never breathed a word to me that all St. Enodoc mightn't hear."

"There are other ways of making love beside talking. Esther Mansell told me a good while ago that it was the common report of the town that you were engaged, or next door to it."

"You seem to place great reliance on Esther Mansell's reports," said Jenifer; "you used not to be so very fond of Esther."

"Fond of Esther! I don't know that I am particularly fond of her."

"You must be to write to her and take all her malicious speeches for gospel. The

night before you went away you took great trouble to keep her from going with us. Your feelings must have changed a good deal since then."

"If you had done what I wanted then—become engaged—perhaps things would have been different now."

"I am very glad that we didn't become engaged then; it would have been much worse if, after that, you had found out that you liked Esther better."

"Esther be hanged," said Mark angrily. "I daresay you care for that fishing fellow, Treleaven, quite as much as I care for Esther Mansell."

"My father is a fishing fellow," said Jennifer, "and as you have so much contempt for fishermen I daresay you look down upon a fisherman's daughter, so we needn't prolong the conversation," and so saying she left the garden.

As soon as the door closed upon Jenifer, Mark was astonished to hear a mocking voice behind him saying,—

“ ‘Esther be hanged!’ Oh! yes, by all means. ‘Esther be hanged!’ was ‘my dear Esther’ only the other day. And pray why must she be hanged!’ ”

It was Esther herself who had come unobserved into the garden, and had overheard Mark’s incautious and uncivil speech.

“I suppose,” she continued, “you have decided to hang Esther since you came back to see your old flame, Jenifer Trewhella.”

“Jenifer Trewhella be hanged,” said Mark, for want of something better to say.

“Oh, by all means, hang Jenifer Trewhella. You are wonderfully fond of capital punishment this evening. You had better

apply for the post of public hangman, I think; your father could make the ropes for you, you know."

"But listen to reason, Esther."

"I'm not going to listen to reason at all, and I won't be hanged one minute and deared the next. I suppose you heard that father had lost the lawsuit, and that cooled your affections."

"I've heard nothing about it," said Mark, "and I didn't mean what I said just now. I was goaded into saying it by Jenifer Trewhella."

"Oh, I daresay, and you didn't mean what you said in your letters, and you didn't mean what you said last night. Why in the world don't you say what you do mean?"

"Confound you," said Mark, losing his temper; "I wish you and Jenifer Trewhella and every other woman in St. Enodoc were

at the bottom of the sea. You are the most unreasonable set I ever met in my life."

"What an extremely amiable person you are," said Esther tauntingly. "If I want to be hanged I'll listen again to what you say, but not else. Good-night, Mr. Ketch the hangman, good-night."

CHAPTER VI.

THE GREAT SHOAL.

Fish that through the wet
 Sea-paths in shoals do slide, and know
 No dearth.

Milton.

It was early October, and the trees around St. Enodoc were putting on their winter garments, making a lovely background of brown and red and green. The sea was calm—a sea of glass—and the town quiet as if a deep sleep had fallen upon the dwellers therein. The sailors and fishermen who were generally pacing the quay, making believe that they were on a ship's deck, were leaning in easy attitudes against the quay wall, and on piles of timber lying

about, and across the shattered ribs of two or three old boats whose voyages were ended. The only signs of life were thin columns of smoke sent up from the black pipes of the aforesaid mariners, as if to show that only fresh fuel was needed to cause their wonted fires to burst into flame. Suddenly a fisherman whose face was set in the direction of Pencalenick Point, a promontory jutting out on one side of the harbour's mouth, cried out at the top of his voice,—

“Hevva! hevva!”

Every man, as if electrified, was instantly in motion. A “huer,” or watcher, had been set on Pencalenick Point to give warning to the fishermen when shoals of pilchards were on the coast. Sweeping the sea with his glass, he had observed the deep red colour a couple of miles to the eastward which marked the presence of

fish, and had given the appointed signal by waving a large bush towards the east.

“Hevva! hevva!” resounded from all sides, the boys and the women taking up the cry, and St. Enodoc, lately so drowsy, was wide awake again.

A rush was instantly made for the boats by those already on the quay, and those who were not so fortunate emerged from their houses in all kinds of dress and undress, coatless, hatless, or what not. It was no time to stand upon ceremony, for the winter’s bread, to say nothing of the butter, might be lost by a quarter of an hour’s delay.

“Hevva! hevva!”

On they rushed and scrambled; elderly fathers of families as active as boys, and boys as agile as monkeys, swung themselves in the boats by the aid of ropes,

rushed into the water up to their waists, swarmed over the gunwales like ants over a crust. In a few minutes the uproar subsided, and the boats were rowed by the willing hands of practised rowers towards the fishing-ground, a mile or more away. No words were spoken on the way, for there was no breath to spare for idle talk. Every man and boy bent to his oar as if the success of the expedition depended on him alone.

There were two seines, each consisting of three boats: the seine-boat containing the great net used to enclose the fish, with a crew of seven; the "vollyer," or follower, carrying a smaller net to take up the fish from the seine proper after they were once enclosed, also with a crew of seven; and the "lurker," a small boat bearing the master-seiner and a man and two boys as his crew. The two large boats were about

forty feet long, the "lurker" twenty-one feet.

Arthur Treleaven was one of the first on board his boat, and Daniel Trewhella was not far behind him. Daniel was second in command of his seine, the *Nelson*, by virtue of his occupying the responsible position of "seine-shooter," and he had Arthur as his lieutenant. Daniel's business in case of a "shoot" was to throw out the "head ropes," that is, the side of the net on which the corks were fixed, while Arthur shot the "foot," or leaded ropes, on the opposite side of the net.

"Well done, lads!" said Daniel encouragingly to his crew, as he steered the seine-boat; "well done! we shall be out before the *Diligence* now. Not too short a stroke, me sons—think you're in regatta, or better than that, think of the sixpenny

loaves and rooast beef there is in front of 'ee. Touch her up, bow oar, a bit."

"Touch her up" they did, and they succeeded in reaching the fishing-ground first, and immediately dropped anchor and passed a rope to the "vollyer," thus ensuring their right to shoot first if pilchards appeared. The men were out of breath by this time, and were not sorry to rest and look about them, but their repose was of short duration. Two or three pilchards jumped out of the water a little distance from them, and at once every man was on the alert. The tarpaulin which covered the seine was removed and everything made ready. In a minute or two a rattling sound in the water and thousands of fins showing above the surface told of the presence of a large body of pilchards.

"Shut away!" shouted the master-seiner, and Daniel and Arthur bent to

their work, while the crew rowed the boat in a great circle, so as to enclose the fish.

In about five minutes the great net, measuring about 180 fathoms in length, and thirteen in breadth, and weighing between two and three tons, was cast overboard. The two ends were then fastened together so as to prevent any chance of escape, and the nets gradually, by means of capstans in the two large boats, pulled into comparatively shallow water and securely moored. Plenty of room was given for the fish to swim about in, for the enclosed space measured half an acre or more.

Next morning the process called "tucking" began. The smaller net was shot inside the other so as to enclose as many pilchards as could be conveniently disposed of—about thirty hogsheads, or 100,000

fishes—and drawn in until the pilchards remained in the middle and baggy part of the seine. Then the fishermen, sitting on the gunwales of the boats, with one foot over the side and in the water, dipped up their prey in wicker baskets, until the boats held as much as they could safely carry to shore. Daniel and Arthur and their friends were too intent upon saving the fish to think of the interest of the scene, but a disinterested observer could not help being struck with the novelty and beauty. The bag of the net when held between the two boats contained a boiling, bubbling mass of struggling pilchards, which leaped and writhed in their efforts to escape, until the very sea seemed to quiver, while the bright sides of the fish glistened in the sunlight until their scales looked like molten silver. Numerous boats filled with spectators gave additional

animation to the scene, which was still further enlivened by the cheering of the fishermen as they poured the basketsful of fish into the large barge-like boats.

For a week the *Nelson* seine remained in the water, showing every day a smaller number of protruding fins, as the fishermen took them on shore to sell fresh or to place in salt for exportation to the Mediterranean.

When the following Saturday night came, a grand "sharing" was held of the money realized by the sale of fresh fish. The owners of the boats and nets took half of the receipts, and the remainder was divided among the fishermen. Arthur had the proud pleasure of taking twenty pounds to his mother as the result of the week's work, while he announced that another twenty pounds would probably be realized

by the sale of the salted fish in a few weeks' time.

Mrs. Treleaven was ill able to express much gratification at this fortunate result of her son's labour. She was greatly troubled about Uncle Anthony. The old man, who had been ailing for several days, had gone to bed early, complaining that nothing would give him heat.

"Come up and see him," said Mrs. Treleaven to her son.

Arthur obeyed, and found his uncle lying on his back with his hands crossed over his breast. At first he feared he was dead, but the sick man opened his eyes when Arthur spoke to him.

"What's the matter, uncle?"

"I'm nearly in port," he answered in a feeble voice; "the owld craft'll never put to sea again, my son. Nearly in port, nearly in port. The harbour lights are in

sight from the mast-head, and soon they'll be seen from the deck. Nearly in port, nearly in port."

"Do you think 'tis so bad as that?" asked Arthur anxiously.

"I ceeant stop when I'm sent for," was the answer; "and I want to go, iss, I want to go. I can see a white hand a-beckoning me. Jane, Arthur, my dears, I'm going home."

For some time there was silence in the room. Arthur's face was buried in his hands and he gave no outward sign of grief, but the words of Uncle Anthony had cut him to the heart, for he had learnt to love the old man with a tender love. Uncle Anthony was so utterly unselfish and so good and pure, that it was difficult not to love him. He never seemed to think of himself, but for others he was always thinking and doing. He had made the new home Mrs. Treleaven and her son

came to a very happy one, and therefore, although his age did not warrant them in expecting a longer term of life, the blow was a hard one.

For an hour silence reigned in the room, then Uncle Anthony spoke again,—

“Jane, everything I lave behind is yours, except my watch—’tes an owld one, but he do keep good time—he’s for Arthur. When you’re wearing that watch think of Uncle Anthony sometimes, my son; he was very fond of you. And doant forgit mother, Arthur; teeake ceeare of her and respect her, for she’s been a good mother to you. Put something more on my feet, Jane, I’m very cowlid.”

Arthur was sobbing aloud now, strong young man as he was, and he could only answer,—

“I shall never forget you, uncle, and I’ll take care of mother.”

The old man patted Arthur on the head as he bent over the bed, and then crossed his hands as before. All through the night mother and son watched, expecting that every hour would be the last. Now and again the old man would faintly murmur, "Nearly in port, nearly in port," but that was all.

As the day began to break, the sick man opened his eyes, and said in a strong voice,—

"The pilot is standing on the fore-castle, and his face is like the face of an angel. I can see the town, and all the houses are shining like gold. Hark! the pilot is speaking. 'Let go the anchor, let go the anchor.' Down, down it goes, it has touched the bottom. Home, home at last," and the gentle soul of Uncle Anthony passed away.

CHAPTER VII.

BILLING AND COOING.

Live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountains yields.

Shakespeare.

WHEN the funeral was over and paid for, it was found that Uncle Anthony had left his relations the sum of a hundred and five pounds, eight shillings, and ninepence, besides the furniture, which was old and of no great value. To this sum Arthur added twenty pounds from the money earned through his fishing, and became the proud joint possessor of a hundred and five pounds, and shillings and pence as afore-said, invested in the bank at St. Cyrus.

“ We are quite rich, mother, arn’t we ? ”
he said.

“ Yes,” replied the widow, “ God is very good to us. We must let the money remain in the bank if we can. You’ll want some of it, perhaps, to furnish a house. ’Tisn’t likely that you’ll stay with mother all your days, or natural her for that matter. We shall have to pay rent for the house now Uncle Anthony is gone, and it is hardly the place to bring a young bride to.”

“ Why, mother,” said Arthur, laughing, “ we need not look forward quite so far as that, I’ve no bride to bring home,—I haven’t even got a sweetheart.”

“ No, perhaps not,” said Mrs. Treleaven, “ but my eyes are not so old but that they can see which way you are looking. I am very glad, my dear, she is a good girl, and will make a good wife.”

“Who are you talking about?” asked Arthur with an innocent air.

“Talking about? Why, Jenifer Trewhella, of course,” answered his mother; “anybody can see that you have fixed upon her.”

“But what if she hasn’t fixed upon me?”

“She wouldn’t be so foolish as to say ‘no’ to you. I heard her father say a little while ago that there is not a better fisherman in St. Enodoc than you.”

“She may fancy some one who is a little grander than a fisherman,” said Arthur, “that young Rundle for instance. I hear there was once some sort of an engagement between them.”

“He is no great catch for a girl, with his curly hair and conceited swagger. Anybody would think that all St. Enodoc belonged to him to see him walk down

the street, and his father is only a rope-maker."

"But the Rundles are far better off than we," said Arthur.

"What if they are?" was the answer; "girls don't value young men by pounds, shillings, and pence. I can't think any young woman would prefer Rundle to you—I'm sure I should detest him."

Arthur was not so sure that Jenifer would reject Mark and choose him. He felt that his mother, with her natural partiality for her son, was hardly a standard by which he could gauge Jenifer's feelings.

From October, the month in which the great shoal was caught, Arthur sought opportunity to make known his love to Jenifer, but with no great success. As a rule he only saw her on week evenings, when her father and mother were present. and sometimes perhaps on Sundays, and

despite the little attentions which he tried to show her, he felt that matters were not progressing. For some reason Jenifer seemed to avoid his company. Soon after Christmas his chance came. A party was given by some friends of the Trewhella's who lived in a hamlet about two miles from St. Enodoc, and Mrs. Treleaven and Arthur were among the invited guests. When supper was over, and the party had wrapped themselves in their coats and shawls for the return journey, the older people went on together, and Arthur attached himself to Jenifer. They walked on for some distance in the moonlight in complete silence. At last Arthur said,—

“I have wanted to speak to you for a long time, Jenifer.”

“Why didn't you then?” said she, “you have seen me nearly every day.”

“Yes, but only when other people were present ; I wanted to see you alone.”

Jenifer made no answer, for she divined what was coming, and again they went on without speaking. Presently Arthur said,—

“Take my arm, Jenifer, you must be getting tired.”

“No, thank you,” she replied, “I am not a bit tired yet.”

“You must know my feelings toward you,” said he desperately, “you must have seen that I love the very ground you walk upon, and that I was ready to lay down my life to save yours. Why do you keep me at such a distance, Jenny, as if my presence was hateful to you ?”

“You oughtn’t to say that,” said she gently ; “I shall never forget that you saved my life and nearly lost your own in doing it. You can never be hateful to me.”

“Yes, but I want something more than that,” he said; “it isn’t gratitude I want, but love. Can’t you give me that, Jenny?”

“I don’t know,” she said hesitatingly; “I like you very much, of course, but—”

“But what, Jenny?”

“Well, I don’t know if I can give you the love you want. I like you very much, you know, but—”

“Do you care more for anybody else?” asked Arthur suspiciously.

“No, it isn’t that exactly.”

“Wasn’t there a sort of engagement between you and Mark Rundle?”

“No, not an engagement,” replied Jenifer.

“Well, an understanding, then?”

“Perhaps it might be called that. We promised one another that if our feelings were the same in a year’s time, we would become engaged.”

“Well ?”

“But he wrote me only one or two letters, and then he began to write to Esther Mansell, but when he was home in June he wanted to make it up again.”

“And did you make it up ?” asked Arthur anxiously.

“No, for he said something I didn’t like about ‘fishing fellows,’ and I told him that my father was a ‘fishing fellow,’ and that if he despised a fisherman he would probably look down upon a fisherman’s daughter, and so we parted.”

“Then that’s an end of it, isn’t it, so far as he is concerned ?” said Arthur.

“I suppose it is,” replied Jenifer.

“Then won’t you listen to me ?” pleaded he, attempting to take her hand.

“I can’t yet,” she answered.

“Tell me one thing, do you love Mark Rundle still ?”

"I don't know about loving him, but we were brought up together, and from the time we were children used to look upon one another as different from other people, and now I—I don't want to say anything to hurt your feelings, for you saved my life."

"Don't say that again," said Arthur vehemently; "I did it for Esther Mansell, too, and I detest her. Forget that it ever happened, if you can. What I want to know plainly, Jenifer, is this, do you love me?"

"Please don't press me for an answer now," she said as the tears gathered in her eyes, "wait a little longer, Arthur."

"That's what you said to Rundle," he returned, "and things went worse instead of better. It may be so in my case, and I can't go on as I have been going lately. I

can't settle down to anything. Why don't you put an end to my misery, Jenny?"

"I can't," she said, "I can't; please don't ask me any more."

"Will you fix a time when you will tell me yes or no?" he asked. "Say in a month."

"A month is very short," she replied, "'twill only be the beginning of February then. Suppose we say six weeks, that will bring us to St. Valentine's Day. On the fourteenth of February then, Arthur, I will say yes or no, but you must promise to say nothing to me about it in the meanwhile."

"Yes, I'll promise that, if you wish it," he replied. "But do you give me any encouragement?"

"Arthur, Arthur," she remonstrated, "you are breaking your agreement already. I will go as far as this, I'll say yes if I possibly can."

Arthur's demonstration of satisfaction was so outrageously contrary to the agreement just made that again Jenifer was compelled to remind him of his promise. By this time they had reached St. Enodoc, and had to take leave of one another.

"Good-night, Jenny," said Arthur, pressing her hand. He felt sorely tempted to press her lips, but restrained himself by a strong effort. St Valentine's Day was six weeks in front of him, and then—yes, what then?

CHAPTER VIII.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

Now what could artless Jeanie do?
She had na will to say him na':
At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
And love was ay between them twa.

Burns.

THE evening of St. Valentine's Day had come, and Jenifer was alone in the house. She had managed to send her father and mother to Mrs. Trewhella's, and was now awaiting her lover. She had been trying to read, but found it impossible to fix her thoughts upon the book, and putting it away she sat thinking. What she was thinking, who could tell? Her beautiful face gave no sign: the answer to the

question she was waiting for might be yes or no for all it revealed. Shall we use the glass which is ours by prescription and gaze into the depths of her inner consciousness? Adjust it carefully—steady—now look. The calm exterior, after all, is no criterion of the workings of the mind. She had fixed the day herself, but now she shrank from giving the final decision, perhaps more from nervousness than anything else. It is no light matter to decide by one monosyllable the course of a lifetime. It is not a thing to be taken in hand lightly unadvisedly, or wantonly, for it is a harbinger of joy or sorrow, nay, it is a sentence of life or of death. No wonder, therefore, that Jennifer's heart beat faster than usual as she waited for the momentous question. She had not long to wait. As soon as Daniel Trewhella and his wife appeared at Mrs.

Treleaven's, Arthur slipped out, making some lame excuse about the boat's anchor, which Daniel saw through but did not expose.

The door of the room where Jenifer sat was opened softly and Arthur entered. His manly face was white with excitement as he took his seat opposite Jenifer. What was to be his fate? He was just going to put the question whose answer would put an end to all suspense when again the door was opened, and Mr. Josiah walked in.

"Ah! my young friends," said he, as he scrutinized them closely, "St. Valentine's Day with you, I suppose. Well, well, young people were always so. All the experience in the world will never teach them wisdom."

"Don't you approve of St. Valentine's Day, Mr. Josiah?" asked Jenifer, while

Arthur fumed in his chair, wishing the gloomy philosopher anywhere but there.

“Approve of St. Valentine’s Day!” was the answer; “no, not I. It is not a rational institution at all; and if things can’t stand the test of reason, away with them, say I.”

“But isn’t it rational for people to choose their partners for life?” asked Arthur.

“Choose their torments, you should have said,” was Mr. Josiah’s sarcastic answer; “choose their lovers! ha, ha, ha! what a hollow mockery the thing is. Choose misery and wrangling and squalling children and poverty and dirt. In my opinion St. Valentine was a sham, a humbug, a hoary-headed old sinner whose evil day has been the ruin of thousands of poor deluded boys and poor silly maidens,” and saying this Mr. Josiah opened the door and departed.

“What an old vinegar he is,” said Arthur when the sound of the footsteps had died away ; “he would as soon for a man to be buried as married. If everybody was like him the world wouldn’t be worth living in, it would be so dismal.”

“Oh, he’s not so bad as he seems,” answered Jenifer ; “he pretends to be grumpy and displeased with everything, but he’s really one of the kindest old men you ever saw. Nobody can please me who speaks unkindly of Mr. Josiah.”

“Then I’ll take care always to call him an extremely genial old gentleman,” said Arthur, laughing.

After a pause Arthur began again,—

“You know what I have come for, Jenifer. You told me that on St. Valentine’s Day I should have my answer ; I have come for it.”

Again the door was opened to Arthur’s

deep disgust, as something he uttered, which sounded like "confound it," clearly testified. It was Mrs. Craddock this time.

"Aw, where's father and mother?" asked she.

"Gone to see Mrs. Treleaven," answered Jenifer.

"And you've stayed behind to court a bit?" returned Mrs. Craddock.

"I stayed behind to finish some sewing," answered Jenifer with a blush, for the sewing might have been postponed, and Mrs. Craddock's suggested reason was practically the real one.

"Mr. Josiah doesn't approve of court-ing," said Arthur; "do you, Mrs. Craddock?"

"What do he know 'bout courtin'?" returned the old dame; "all he do know 'bout it es from seein' other people, for I

doant believe he ever went courtin' hisselt in hes life. Now I used to court a bra' dale in my young days, before I picked up weth my owld man."

"Well, what's your opinion about it?" asked Arthur.

"My opinion," answered Mrs. Craddock, "es that it's a wisht consarn, sure 'nough. 'Tes like to soap buddles; they look putty for a minute or two and then they bust, and there's nothin' left but froth. When you're married, unless you have better luck than I had, you'll find 'tes a desmal job of et. Boath av 'ee'll want you're awn way, and when you ceeant git it you'll be like dunkies, pullin' defferent ways. There'll be plenty of foachin' and kickin' and pootin' and draggin', but you weeant git no farder on. You axed for my opinion and now you've got it. And now I'll be gone up to Mistess Treleaven's."

“Old Craddock must have a pleasant time,” said Arthur, when the old woman’s back was turned; “she’s enough to turn the sweetest man in the world sour. Now, Jenifer, tell me my fate before anybody else comes. Is it yes or no?”

“Do you really care for me as much as you said?” asked Jenifer.

“A great deal more,” answered he. “I’ve been perfectly miserable for the last month or so. You know I love you, Jenifer, but do you care for me?”

“I have already told you that I like you,” she replied.

“But I want more than that. You like lots of people; Mark Rundle for instance. I don’t want to be liked, but loved.”

“You needn’t be jealous of Mark,” she said; “I tell you plainly I don’t love him. I only like him.”

“Do you love me?” he asked abruptly.

She answered nothing, but her looks said as clearly as ever words could that she was his for better or for worse. In a moment she was clasped to his breast and a rain of kisses was falling upon her sweet lips.

“My darling, my darling,” he whispered.

She murmured something in answer which he could not distinguish at first. She repeated it as she hid her face covered with burning blushes, “My love, my love,” and he knew that his future bride was won.

“When did you begin to love me first?” he asked after a while as they sat hand in hand.

“I believe I first found it out on the night when you saved my life,” she replied, “but I was not quite certain of my feelings; and beside, I had an idea that Mark had some sort of claim upon me. You won’t be jealous of Mark will you, Arthur? I

don't love him, but you," and again she hid her face in his bosom.

"No, no, I'm quite satisfied," said he, drawing her closer; "you're mine, Jenny, and all the world shall not part us now. My love, my love."

Two mothers were made happy that night.

"I want to tell you something, mother," whispered Jenifer when Daniel had gone to bed.

"What is it, my dear?" asked Rebecca.

"'Tis about Arthur, mother," she whispered again.

"Arthur?" said she; "there's nothing the matter weth he, es there?"

"No, nothing the matter," replied Jenifer, "but he has asked me and I have said 'yes.'"

"Do 'ee mane that you're goin' courtin'?" asked Rebecca.

“Yes, that is it.”

“My dear, I’m very glad,” said the mother; “I thought Mark would ha’ bin the wan, but I would rather marry ’ee to Arthur than to he or anybody else. He’s the dearest young fellow I knaw, and he’s so kind and loving to his mother as ever a young chap could be. I always believe in a young man who is kind to his mother.”

“There’s something else he said, mother. He asked if it could be soon.”

“Ef what could be soon?” inquired Rebecca.

“Why,” said Jenifer, hesitating and blushing, “why, mother, you know.”

“Do ’ee mane married?”

“Yes, that was what Arthur meant,” replied Jenifer.

“My goodness me! I never dreamed of this. I must slape upon it. Married!

why I should lose moast of the sunshine of the house ef you went. But there I ceeant expect to keep 'ee always; and you wouldn't be gone altogether neither. But run up to bed now, my dear," and the affectionate matron gave her adopted daughter a long, loving embrace.

"Mother 'tis over and done," said Arthur on his return home; "I had my answer from Jenny to-night, and the answer is, 'yes.'"

"God bless her," said the mother; "she'll make you a good wife, Arthur. She is a good girl if ever there was one. Poor old Martha Peters told me yesterday that Jenifer had been to see her and had spoken such beautiful words to her; the old woman couldn't help crying as she told me about it. 'She's a dear maid,' Martha said, 'a dear maid.' You arn't very old either of you," continued Mrs.

Treleaven, "but it's all the better for that in my opinion. I don't believe in late marriages. It may be a struggle sometimes to make both ends meet and to find bread for a family, but that's better than what often comes of putting off marriage. If I had forty sons I would never hinder one from marrying, so long as he could earn bread to eat and raiment to put on."

CHAPTER IX.

BUILDING THE NEST.

Men's love and birds' love,
And women's love and men's !
And you my wren with a crown of gold,
You my queen of the wrens !
You the queen of the wrens—
We'll be birds of a feather,
I'll be king of the queen of the wrens,
And all in a nest together.

Tennyson.

ON the following day Mrs. Trewhella and Mrs. Treleaven had a long consultation over a cup of tea as to the future of their children. Daniel and Arthur were out in their boat and Jenifer was with Miss Jink, so that they could freely unburden their minds. There was a third lady

present, but as she usually sided with the last speaker her opinion was not held in high estimation.

“They would like to be married soon,” said Mrs. Treleaven.

“Yes, married soon, bless ’em,” chimed in Mrs. Sims.

“And a good thing too for them to marry early,” continued Mrs. Treleaven.

“Yes, yes,” said Mrs. Sims, “the sooner ’tis over the better.”

“The sooner what is over the better?” inquired Mrs. Trewhella severely. “Anybody would think they was goin’ to be hanged, Kezia, to hear you.”

“Aw no, the dears,” said Mrs. Sims; “but my old man used to say, ‘marrying is like hoss-jockeying—sometimes you get something worth the money, and sometimes ’tis dear in a gift.’”

“As I was goin’ to say,” remarked

Mrs. Trewhella, disregarding Kezia's explanation, "what we've got to do es to put things fitty for them, they'll forgit half the furniture else. People in love ceeant pay much attention to crocks and pans."

"Crocks and pans arn't much good to em, for love do teeak away their appetites," said Mrs. Sims.

"Hould tha tongue, Kezia," said her sister; "they must have somethin' to ait ef they are in love. Ded you live upon hair when you was married?"

"No, my dear, but then you knaw Tom was a very cacentric kind of a man. He had a wisht end fr'all, poor fellow."

"How did he die?" inquired Mrs. Treleaven.

"Dedn 'ee ever hear about un?" asked Mrs. Sims. "'Twas like this here. He was a passel owlder than me, and arter his

fust wife died he used to measure out the milk that he sold instead of she, and I used to go for milk every day—a farthet a day and a haporth a Saturday night, so as to have a drap exter on Sundays. And wan day he says to me, ‘Kezia, I want a wife.’ Says I, ‘Do ’ee?’ ‘Iss,’ says he. ‘Why doant ’ee git wan then?’ says I. ‘I’m goin’ to,’ says he. ‘Who is it to be?’ says I. ‘You,’ says he. ‘Aw, my dear,’ says I, laughing, ‘how do ’ee knaw I shallsay ‘iss’?’ ‘Weeant ’ee?’ says he. ‘No,’ says I, and so we parted. But he pestered me so every day when I went for the milk that at last I said ‘iss,’ and so we got married. Well, a wisht marryin’ it was, for he was a gashly-tempered owld man, and so near, you ceeant think. He wodn willin’ for me to have anything for tay but bread and scrape, and as for curreny ceeake, aw, my

dear! no such suspensive thing as that for he, he said. Well, arter we'd been married about six weeks the passon comed home of a sudden and the gentleman who had been doin' the work for un for two months or so—'twas t'other side of Bodmin we lived then—went away. Next morning arter breakfast the passon comed to ou house and I dusted the arm-cheer and put un to set in un. 'Well, Tom; well, Kezia,' says he. 'Well, sir,' says we. And then he coughed a bit and then he says, 'I've got a unpleasant thing to tell 'ee. I've found out that that gentleman who married you wasn't no passon at all, though he pretended to be, and I want 'ee to be married ovver again.' 'Married ovver again?' says Tom, 'what for, sir? Wance is enough, edn it?' 'Well,' says the passon, coughin' again, 'your marriage wasn't a right marriage.' 'What's the

matter weth un ?' asked Tom. 'Why the fact es,' says the passon, 'you arn't married at all.' 'What ?' said Tom, 'not married at all? Arn't I married to Kezia ?' 'No,' says the passon. 'Well then,' says Tom, 'I never will be,' and do what the passon could he couldn't meeake Tom be married ovver again. He meeade me go home again, and my people was seein' what could be done when word was brought that he was going to bed drunk and falled ovver stairs and brokke his neck. So that was the end of he."

"The first thing to settle upon es the house," resumed Mrs. Trehwella, who had manifested signs of impatience during the recital of Kezia's melancholy love-story. "Now there's that house in the Broad Street that Meeaster Bilkey comed out of."

"Damp," murmured Kezia.

“And there’s another just above you.”

“Smoky,” insinuated Mrs. Sims.

“And there’s a cottage on the hill that’s just going to be empty.”

“Draughty,” remarked Mrs. Sims.

“But the best of all es a little house ovverlookin’ the churchyard, belongin’ to Meeaster Treleigh.”

“Ghostes,” whispered the relic of the late lamented milkman.

“I’m sure he’d as soon let it to Arthur and Jenifer as to anybody.”

“Do you mean the little house with the green gate and garden in front?” asked Mrs. Treleaven.

“Iss,” answered Rebecca.

“It certainly looks very nice from the road,” said Mrs. Treleaven; “and as for looking out upon the churchyard, I don’t think they need mind that; the trees and shrubs make it one of the prettiest places

in the town. Shall we go to-morrow morning and look at the house? ”

Mrs. Trewhella and the two passed on to the subject of the furniture. Everything should be new and good they decided, and the cost should be defrayed by a portion of the money the Treleavens had in the bank, supplemented by a grant from Mrs. Trewhella.

On the following day the key of the house was procured from Mr. Treleigh's steward, and the three ladies spied it out from Dan even to Beersheba, from the green gate to the water-barrel and ash-pit in the back yard. Everything was pronounced satisfactory by the prospective mothers-in-law, and Mrs. Sims only ventured to suggest that the young couple would not be able to sleep at night for the ringing of the bells. Mrs. Trewhella, however, promptly overturned this objection by remarking severely that she was not

aware that the ringers usually stayed up all night to ring. They wanted to sleep as well as other people.

The steward was waited upon and the rent ascertained, and it only remained to obtain the approbation of the high contracting parties. But the critical bump is not usually well developed in young lovers, and therefore no objection to the house was offered on their part. It would just suit them they thought. The house was accordingly taken and the furnishing went on merrily. It was arranged with the people who supplied the goods that they should be paid when the work was completed, for by that time the month's notice of withdrawal which was given at the bank would have expired.

Mrs. Dunstable, hearing of the approaching marriage, dropped in to see Mrs. Trewhella one morning.

“I hear that Jenifer is about to set up housekeeping, Rebecca ; is it true ? ”

“Iss, ma’am, ’tes true,” was the answer ; “we’re gittin’ the house ready. ’Tes the little cottage ovverlookin’ the churchyard.”

“And young Treleven is to be the bridegroom. Is that so ? I thought it was understood that Mark Rundle would be your son-in-law.”

“Well, so it was, ma’am,” explained Rebecca, “but after he went to Bristol he got more grander and dedn treat Jenny very well ; and then Arthur comed along, and the bargain was meeade up.”

“I should have liked her to have Rundle, who you know is a favourite of mine, but of course it is she who must decide that matter. I suppose there is no doubt but that it is a love-match—I mean she has not accepted Treleven because she was annoyed at Mark’s coldness ? ”

“Aw, no,” answered Rebecca; “ef they arn’t in love weth wan another then my eyes arn’t fellahs.”

“Then that’s all right,” said Mrs. Dunstable, “and I hope their wedded life will be as happy as yours has been, Rebecca. I wish, if you have no objection, to give Jenifer her wedding dress. I gave the robe for her christening, you remember, not much short of twenty years ago—dear me, how the time has flown. She can decide upon the colour of the silk herself. If you will send her up to me the day after to-morrow, I will have some patterns ready.”

“I’m sure, ma’am,” said Rebecca, “she’ll be delighted, and it’s very kind of you to think of doing it. She’ll thank you herself when she do come up.”

“When is it to be?” inquired Mrs. Dunstable.”

“In about three weeks’ time,” Rebecca

replied ; “ the banns es a goin’ to be put in on Saturday night.”

On the next day but one Jenifer went up to the Castle, according to Mrs. Dunstable’s request, and after a long discussion of colours and shades and what complexions they matched, a silk was chosen of a beautiful pale blue which agreed well with Jenifer’s fair features.

Mr. Treleigh, although nearly ninety years of age, still retained his faculties with the exception of his eyesight, which had departed ten years or more. Hearing from his sister of the approaching marriage he expressed his intention of making the young couple some useful present.

“ What shall I give, Marian ? ” he asked. “ Would some books be of service ? Young people are apt to forget the furniture of the mind when they are preparing to begin housekeeping.”

“I saw the young man’s mother yesterday,” answered Mrs. Dunstable, “and she told me that he is a great reader, and showed me a copy of Milton which he won as a prize at school, at—where was it they came from?—Pendruthan.”

“But does he read Milton?” inquired Mr. Treleigh.

“His mother tells me that he reads and re-reads it. Rather an odd book, though, in my opinion, for a young fisherman to take a fancy to. I should have thought story-books would have been more in his line.”

“If he has a taste for poetry,” said Mr Treleigh, “it is worth cultivating. I’ll tell you what I will do, Marian, I’ll present him with a complete collection of the leading English poets; it will be something to last his lifetime, and be always a pleasure to him.”

Mrs. Dunstable had a strong opinion that a washing-tray or something of that kind would prove more useful, but she kept her views to herself out of deference to her venerable brother.

On the following Friday the “banes were put in,” as Mrs. Sims phrased it, and when Sunday came Arthur and Jenifer were to be “asked” in church for the first time.

CHAPTER X.

THE BANK BREAKS.

I must be patient, till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable.

The Winter's Tale.

“NOTICE is hereby given that the business of this bank is temporarily suspended.”

Such was the ominous intimation which hung on the door of the St. Cyrus Bank on the morning after the banns were “put in.” It meant that business firms which had been tottering for some time would now come down with a great crash. It meant that thrifty working people who had digged and delved to lay by a little store for old age had lost the greater part

of the savings of a lifetime. It meant the snatching away of the slender pittance of the widow and the provision for the orphan. It meant the ruin of many a castle in the air and a rude awakening from many a pleasant dream.

For a day or two vague rumours had been flying about, and the knowing ones had been nudging one another, and shrugging their shoulders, and securing themselves as much as possible from the coming avalanche.

But Arthur and Daniel were not knowing ones, and attended therefore to their nets and boats without thought or fear of the trouble in store for them. About noon on Saturday as Arthur was going home to his dinner he met Mr. Josiah, who stopped and said,—

“Have you heard the news?”

“No; I have heard nothing,” Arthur

replied; "I have just come from setting the crab-pots. Is anything the matter?"

"You've got some money in the St. Cyrus Bank, have you not?"

"Yes, we have the money there Uncle Anthony left us, and a little of our own beside."

"Well," said Mr. Josiah, "it is rumoured about the town that the bank has stopped payment."

"Stopped payment!" said Arthur, aghast; "why I was going over on Monday to take some out. I gave a month's notice which expires to-day; they'll let me have that, won't they?"

"I am afraid not, but you had better go over at once and see if anything can be done."

Arthur rushed in on his way home and told the Trewhellas of the probable disaster which had come upon them, for

they too had a little money, the result of much hard work and self-denial, stored up against the time of old age. Daniel proposed that he and Arthur should start off as soon as they had made themselves a bit tidy, and this was agreed to.

Mrs. Treleaven seemed benumbed with astonishment when Arthur told her of the report, and for some time simply sat staring into the fire. At last she said,—

“It may not be true, Arthur. St. Enodoc tongues are fond of wagging, and if there is nothing true for them to talk about they invent something. If it is true, how is the furniture to be paid for?”

“I never thought of that,” said Arthur, thunderstruck; “why we can’t have the furniture if we’ve no money to pay for it. Whatever shall we do?”

“You had better see how matters are at

St. Cyrus before you decide upon anything," suggested Mrs. Treleaven.

This seemed sound sense, and Arthur hastily prepared for the journey, so that he might not keep Daniel waiting. Within half an hour the two were trudging along the road.

"This is a putty business," said Daniel; "whoever would ha' thought that bank would skat? Moast people considered he seeafer than the Bank of England, and now, ef all accounts es true, he's gone like a snuff of a candle. I wish now I had done like my owld feeather and seeaved up my money in an owld stockin'; not but what you might lose it then, for owld Barny Martin he put a stockin' with some gowld up in the thatch of the roof, and could never find un no more. So you may sometimes meeake a missment ef you put your money into a stockin'."

Arthur was in no mood for conversation and made no answer to Daniel's dissertation on methods of investment. When the pair reached St. Cyrus they found that the report they had heard was correct, and that, instead of receiving their money, they had only the consolation of reading the notice on the door informing the depositors that the business of the bank was suspended.

"Let us go to the side-door, and speak to the manager," suggested Arthur.

"Certainly," assented Daniel, "and ef he ceeant explain matters in a dacent manner, I shall turn oogly. He've a had our money, and so it must be in the bank now—money ceeant run away."

A loud knock at the side-door brought out a servant maid.

"I want to see Mr. Philp," said Arthur.

“You can’t see him to-day,” was the reply.

“Ceeant see un?” exclaimed Daniel, indignantly; “why we comed ovver from St. Enodoc a purpose to see un.”

“But he’s engaged,” said the maid.

“You plaise to tell un we’re here,” persisted Daniel; “say ’tes Daniel Trewhella and Arthur Treleaven. He’ll knaw, ’cause he’ve a got our money.”

“Lots of people have been here with the same story, but he hasn’t seen any of them,” said the maid, and she shut the door in their faces.

“I tell ’ee what ’tes, Arthur,” said Daniel, “I’m goin’ to see Mr. Philp ef I stay here a week, so here goes,” and he gave a series of terrific knocks which would have sufficed to arouse the Seven Sleepers. No one appeared, and another peal, longer and, if possible, louder than

the other, was given. This brought out the maid in a great passion.

“What are you knocking the door in that way for?” she asked, “do you think we are deaf?”

“None so deaf as they who weean't hear,” answered Daniel. “You tell Meeaster Philp that we want to see un.”

“But he doesn't want to see you,” she replied; “you must go away, or I shall ask him to send for a policeman,” and she tried to shut the door again.

But Daniel was too quick for her, and placing his foot in the way, he effectually prevented the door from being closed. After a few unavailing struggles the maid came to the conclusion that the only way to get rid of her unwelcome visitor was to call Mr. Philp.

“Bring them in,” said that gentleman

when the maid had explained how matters stood, "I don't want a crowd round the door."

Daniel and Arthur accordingly were ushered into the private room of the manager, and told to explain their business.

"We've come to see about our money," said Daniel. "We put it in, and we want to know what you've a done weth it."

"The fact is," said the manager, "business has been in a depressed state for some time, and investments have not answered our expectations, and lately we have suffered some heavy losses which make it impossible at present—at present, I say—to pay everybody in full."

"But you don't mane to say you've been speculatin' weth the money we put into the bank," exclaimed Daniel wrathfully.

“Of course,” said Mr. Philp, “we traded with it. You don’t suppose we keep it in the bank always, do you?”

“Ef you dedn you ought to,” said Daniel. “What business had you to speculate weth my money? ’Tes a rubbery, that’s what it es.”

“Hush, hush, getting into a passion won’t mend matters,” said the manager.

“Ef you had been sleeavin’ for thirty years to seeave up a bit of money, and then had it took away from ’ee, you’d git into a passion too,” said Daniel. “What I want to know es this, es there ’nough in the bank to pay our money back?”

“There is more than enough to pay your trifling deposits,” said Mr. Philp, “but I have no right to pay you at the expense of other and larger depositors.”

“I tell ee what it es,” said Daniel, “ef

you doant give back the money to wance, I shall knock 'ee down, and that's the long and short of the matter."

The manager rang a bell, and the servant appeared.

"Send for a policeman," he said.

Arthur, who had been silent up to this point, now interposed.

"There is no occasion for that," he said. Then in a whisper to Daniel, "Knocking him down won't do any good. The fact is, sir," he continued, turning to Mr. Philp, "we want to know why we can't have our money that we put into the bank. The notice on mine expires to-day, can't we have that?"

"No, young man," replied Mr. Philp, "you can't. The liabilities are greater than the assets, that is to say, there is more owing than we have money to pay and everybody must be dealt fairly with,

everybody must have his share and no more. I can give you nothing to-day."

"But I will have it ef I'm sent to prison for it," exclaimed Daniel.

"I should probably be sent to prison if I paid you," said Mr. Philp. "You must wait until matters are arranged and the affairs wound up."

"If that is so," said Arthur, "we may as well go back at once then, quarrelling won't mend matters."

Daniel was at last brought to see the force of this, and the two unfortunate depositors left the town at once, and disconsolately wended their weary way home again.

A consultation was held in the evening, and it was decided, after long debate, that it would be well to postpone the wedding for a little while until it could be seen whether there would be any money forth-

coming to pay for the furniture. When Mrs. Dunstable ascertained the state of things she offered to assist liberally in procuring the necessary furniture, but this offer was not accepted by Arthur. His pride was too great to allow his new home to be furnished by outsiders, and Jenifer was of the same way of thinking.

CHAPTER XI.

THE TO-MORROW IS YET TO COME.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary ;
 It rains, and the wind is never weary ;
 My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past,
 But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
 And the days are dark and dreary.

Longfellow.

A HOPE was cherished that Arthur and Jenifer might be married in the autumn instead of the spring. It all depended upon the result of the summer fishing. Unfortunately it proved to be the worst season known at St. Enodoc for many years. The crabs and lobsters, whose capture in other years afforded lucrative employment, seemed now to have for-

saken the coast; and worse still, the crab-pots and lines, which had been paid for by the careful saving of the previous summer, were swept away by violent storms. The potato crop, too, in their little patch of ground, was almost destroyed by the ravages of disease, yielding barely enough to pay the rent of the ground, much less anything to help them in their time of need. Many of the fisherfolk were compelled to run into debt at the little shops, with the hope that the mackerel and pilchard fisheries would enable them to free themselves. The Trewhellas and Treleavens were fortunate enough to avoid this, the dividend of five shillings in the pound which the bank paid at the end of three months from the failure affording them present relief from the pressure of want.

Arthur chafed under this state of things. He could not endure, he said, to bring his

mother to the penniless condition which was clearly before them; he would go to Pendruthan and seek a berth in some ship going a long voyage. His mother then would have his half-pay, and there would be a considerable sum awaiting him when he reached England again. But Mrs. Treleaven set her face against this. Her son had been with her all his life, and she could not bear to lose him now. She yielded at last so much as to give a half consent that he should become a sailor if the mackerel and pilchard fisheries proved to be failures. She hoped they would prove remunerative, perhaps more so than usual, and then there would be no necessity for parting. But her hopes were not realized. The mackerel came in such small shoals and at such inconvenient times that only enough were caught to provide bread for the time, and nothing could be

laid up for the coming winter. There only remained the pilchards as a last hope. But "hope deferred maketh the heart sick," said the preacher, and there were many sick hearts in St. Enodoc that autumn and winter. Day after day the men waited on the fishing-ground for the fish which never came. Week after week the great boats rode at anchor, like floating coffins, someone said. And, indeed, they were homes of the dying, if not of the dead, for many a wasted cheek and many a sunken eye told of the weary waiting for bread, and of the empty cupboards at home, and of the gnawing of the wolf, starvation.

But was there not the parish to apply to? Oh yes, the parish was waiting with its half-crown a week wherewith they might fare sumptuously every day, and with its palace of delight where those whom God had joined together were, for

the good of the rates, judiciously put asunder. But Cornish fisherfolk are wont to endure much before they trust themselves to the tender mercies of the guardians of the poor, and therefore they suffered quietly without complaint or moan.

A last dividend of 2*s.* 1*d.*, which was paid by the bank towards the end of the year, provided for the present distress; but this could not last for ever, and the necessity of taking immediate steps to avert semi-starvation or parish relief pressed itself with increased force upon Arthur Treleaven. The seine-owners, who had incurred considerable expense without any return, decided to employ one man only through the winter instead of two, and Daniel, being the older servant, was naturally chosen. The remuneration was only five shillings per week, but five

shillings is a munificent sum when the alternative is probable starvation. The loss of this situation of caretaker, therefore, compelled Arthur to decide at once upon his future course.

CHAPTER XII.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.

Proverbs.

CHRISTMAS DAY came without bringing much mirth to the St. Enodoc fishing population. No little dainties graced their tables as in most of the years gone by—it was hard even to provide bread.

Arthur and his mother dined at the 'Trehellas', where the day was honoured, as Rebecca put it, by a small piece of roast beef, which in more prosperous times would have been despised for its insignificance.

“Times es too bad for roast goose,”

said Daniel apologetically, "but the Lord is good to give us anything. I'm sure we doant deserve very much."

After dinner Arthur and Jenifer went across the ferry for a stroll on the sand-hills beyond. The birds and insects which gave the hills their charm in summer were gone, but still it was a pleasant place for a lovers' walk, for the sun was shining gloriously and the view seaward was a charming one. The great headlands at the mouth of the harbour stood up like outposts of giants, majestically repelling the waves which dashed against them, borne in by the gentle north-west wind. On the eastern shore a long line of foam showed where the rocks, the terror of mariners, reared their iron crests, while straight out to sea a miniature island, aided by two or three white-winged ships, broke the monotony of the heaving deep.

But the lovers gave only a passing glance at the winter beauty around them. They had their own little world within, with its beating waves and sharp rocks, and the sunshine played on it only fitfully, and seemed to be vanishing altogether. For nearly twelve months they had been waiting, and the happy end seemed further off than ever. It is true that, like the rocks, they calmly met the opposing forces, but, like them again, they could not help being affected by the contest—even granitic rocks are worn away by constant friction.

“I can’t stand this any longer,” said Arthur, after a pause.

“Can’t stand what, dear?” Jenifer asked in surprise.

“I can’t stand this weary waiting, while things are going from bad to worse. It is nearly twelve months, Jenny, since—since—”

“Since what, Arthur?” she asked.

“You know what, dear,” he answered tenderly, “and you seem to be further off from me now in one sense than you were then. What makes me almost mad sometimes is the thought that I am eating my mother’s bread, with no hope of replacing it.”

“Hush, dear,” she said soothingly, “don’t talk like that. You and your mother have always shared your loaf, and you’ll be able to do better soon.”

“What can I do?” he asked in a despondent tone; “the winter is not more than half gone, and when the crab time comes, I shall have no gear, nor money to buy it. I must go to sea for a long voyage, Jenny, there’s no help for it; I may be able to start afresh then. Could you get on without me for twelve months, dear?”

“You know how I shall get on,” she said, looking up at him; “but I am willing to endure all that long separation if it will be better for you.”

“You are sure you won’t forget me when I’m gone?”

“I’m not likely to do that,” she answered.

“But your separation broke off the affair with Mark Rundle,” he said perversely.

“It is not very kind of you to say that,” she returned; “you know that it was no fault of mine. If you act as he acted, it may be broken off, not else.”

“Forgive me, Jenny,” said Arthur, kissing her; “I am contrary, I know, but I’ve enough to make me unreasonable.”

“Don’t think of your troubles,” said she, pressing his hand; “think of the

joyful meeting on your return, and of the happiness afterwards."

"And put the parting out of sight?" he asked.

"No, not exactly that," she answered, "but after the parting there will be the thought of our love for each other to cheer us."

"Tell me that you love me more than any one else in the world," he said abruptly, looking into her eyes.

"You don't want me to tell you that," was the answer, "you know that already."

"But tell me," he persisted.

She looked bashfully but steadily at him, and said slowly,—

"I love you more than anybody else in the world. I love you with my whole heart. I will love you till death."

The young man was completely carried away by the love called out in answer to

this avowal, and in a very ecstasy of passion he seized her in his arms, and showered kisses upon lips, and cheek, and brow.

“Marry me before I go,” he whispered ; “give me a right to call you mine, darling, so that no one can come between us.”

Jenifer disengaged herself at length, pale and trembling.

“Don’t ask me for my answer at once, Arthur,” she said, “wait a little while.”

“No,” said he, vehemently, “tell me now, yes or no.”

“You know what I should wish,” she replied, “but it would be better to act upon our first resolution, and to wait until you come back.”

“If you loved me as I love you, you would consent to be married now,” he said.

“It is because I love you so much that

I say we had better wait," Jenifer answered. "You'll say the same when you come to yourself. Come, dear, take me home, it is getting cold now, the sun is going down."

They walked along the sand-hills in silence for some time, and then Arthur spoke,—

"Don't blame me, Jenny, for my madness; I couldn't help myself."

"No, dear, I don't blame you," she said gently. "I knew you would go back to your first plan. You'll trust me, won't you, as I trust you?"

One long, long kiss was the answer, and then the young lovers sought their homes.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE "ANNIE LEE."

And then he said,
"Annie, this voyage by the grace of God
Will bring fair weather yet to all of us."

Enoch Arden.

ON the first day of the new year, as Arthur Treleaven was slowly rowing up the harbour, he saw astern of him a trim-looking brig making for the anchorage opposite St. Enodoc. Having no business to induce him to hurry, he rested upon his oars to watch the graceful craft. The men were taking in the sails one by one, and preparing to let go the anchor.

"English," said Arthur to himself, "and

her name is the *Annie Lee*. I wonder what she is doing here. The wind is fair for her to run down channel, and she can hardly be bound here."

"Let go," he heard the captain say, and the anchor plunged into the water with a great splash. He was just bending to his oars again, when he was hailed from the deck of the brig,—

"Arthur, Arthur."

He was too much astonished at first to answer, but, recovering himself, he shouted,—

"Hullo! who is it?"

"Come alongside," said the voice.

Arthur turned his boat, and in a minute or two was under the quarter of the brig.

"Why, it's Nash," he exclaimed, as he recognized the face looking at him over the bulwarks.

In a moment his old friend was over the

side and in the boat, and they were warmly shaking hands.

"What are you doing here?" inquired Arthur.

Nash explained that they were bound to the Cape, but had put in to land a sailor who had fallen from aloft that morning, and severely injured himself. Arthur volunteered to assist in getting the man on shore, and soon the doctor had replaced the rough splints on the broken limbs by proper appliances. When the poor fellow's requirements had been attended to, the captain asked Arthur if he knew any suitable man who would be willing to go to the Cape with him.

"I'll go myself, if you'll take me," was the answer. "I have never been to sea, but I understand the work pretty well, and can go aloft."

"You'll do, I'll warrant," said the cap-

tain, looking with approbation on the tall, well-built form of the young fisherman. "I must put to sea in the morning; can you be ready by that time?"

Answering that he could, Arthur hurried away to tell his mother and Jenifer of this opportune chance of carrying out the resolution he had lately come to, and to prepare his baggage for the voyage. He found Mr. Josiah in Daniel Trewhella's kitchen, smoking a pipe with the master of the house. Jenifer had not yet returned from her work. Arthur's information was received by the three persons present in different ways. Mrs. Trewhella expressed her feelings by shedding copious tears. Daniel, between divers puffs of tobacco smoke, expressed his opinion that Arthur was a lucky fellow. Mr. Josiah, according to his wont, was inclined to take a gloomy view of the future.

"Lucky!" said he; "I must say I can't see much luck about it. 'Tis pretty much the same kind of luck as meeting a wild bull in a narrow lane."

"Whatever do 'ee mane?" asked Rebecca, removing her apron from her face; "there edn nothing dangerous about it, es there?"

"Nothing more dangerous, ma'am, than the certainty of being laid up with a fever, or being devoured by snakes or lions; but that is a mere trifle, of course, not to be thought of seriously."

"Good greeacious!" exclaimed Rebecca, "es it so bad as that? Wouldn' you advise un not to go at all, Meeaster Josiah?"

"He must decide that for himself," answered the postmaster; "but I can't forget that it is written in the book of Jeremiah, 'Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him; but weep sore for

him that goeth away ; for he shall return no more, nor see his native country.’”

Jenifer entered the room just as Mr. Josiah began the quotation from his favourite prophet, and learning from a whispered remark of her mother’s that Arthur was going away, stood as if transfixed with dread.

“ ’Tis too bad, Mr. Josiah, for you to terrify women like this,” said Arthur indignantly ; “ there’s no more danger in going to the Cape than in going anywhere else : anybody would think I was going to live there, to hear you. It is not very likely that the lions and snakes will come on board the brig, even supposing there are any there, and as for fevers, they are to be got without leaving England. Don’t cry, Jenny, God can bring me home again.”

“ Iss, iss,” assented Daniel, “ there’s no occasion, mother, for you and Jenifer to

cry your eyes out. Think of his comin' home again weth his pockets well-lined, not of his goin' away weth um empty. We'll all go down in the boat to-morrow mornin' to see the brig off."

When Arthur reached home, he found that Mrs. Craddock had forestalled him with the news, and that she had in addition given a gratuitous opinion that it was a "wisht job," in such a dolorous manner as to seriously alarm Mrs. Treleaven.

"What a nuisance it is that a parcel of old women should make mischief in this way," said Arthur indignantly. "There's nothing wisht about it, mother. Mrs. Craddock knows no more about it than her old black cat. The passage out will only take about eighty days, and in eight months or thereabouts I hope to be back with you again."

"But you will have to cross the Bay of

Biscay, and 'tis always rough there, Mrs. Craddock says."

"Don't be so foolish, mother," said Arthur, "and don't listen to the nonsensical remarks of an old know-nothing like that. I wish she was in the Bay of Biscay now. If I go I shan't leave God behind, shall I, mother?"

"No, no," answered the mother; "God forgive me for putting so little trust in Him. He has been very good to us both, Arthur, and although things have been going from bad to worse with us lately, I am firmly persuaded that He will bring us through."

Before they went to bed the mother and son knelt down together in the little kitchen, and committed themselves to Him Who is the widow's friend, and the best protector of the sailor.

"Almighty God," the widow prayed,

"Who from Thy throne in the heavens sends forth the winds, commanding them to lift up the waves on high, and by Thy word brings peace again upon the face of the deep ; guard my boy from the perils of the sea. He is the only son of his mother, and she is a widow. Oh, loving Saviour, bring home again the widow's staff, and wipe away the mother's tears."

Arthur had never been parted from his mother, and the thought of the separation combined with his mother's prayer to overcome his composure, and he sobbed outright as in broken words he commended his mother to God.

In the morning Daniel took a little party in his boat to the *Annie Lee*. The two mothers were there, and Mrs. Sims and Mrs. Craddock, and Jenifer and Arthur. The two last-named were silent, and only showed their emotion by the firm grasp of

the hand, which they fondly believed was unnoticed by their friends. Mrs. Craddock was cynical and oracular, Mrs. Sims limp and sympathetic, the mothers anxious, and Daniel manly and encouraging.

“I wish we could all go weth ’ee,” said Mrs. Sims; “’twouldn’ be so lonely, would it? We could mend up your things, and keep ’ee clain and dacent.”

“Hould tha tongue, Kezia,” said Mrs. Craddock; “wha’s the use of a passel of wemmen aboard a ship? They had better stay at home and look after their housen. Besides, wha’s the use of company? No company es the best of company, tha’s what I say. Ef you’re by yourself, you’ve got nobody to fall out weth. I believe in everybody setting on his awn dung-hill, and under his awn fig-tree, as my owld man used to say. Arthur, my son, when you’re away [keep yourself to yourself,

and you'll git along all right; weeant a, Dan?"

"Aw, he'll git along very well," answered Daniel; "he do knaw what's what better'n you wemmen can tell un. He'll steer a straight course," continued the old salt, looking affectionately at his young friend, "no yawin' the ship about weth he. Look out, Arthur, and fend the boat off from the quarter of the brig."

Arthur's baggage was soon on the deck of the vessel, and the last farewells had to be said. Mrs. Craddock's melancholy predictions had so taken hold of Mrs. Treleaven that her faith forsook her for the time, and she wept bitterly, saying,—

"I shall never see him again, I shall never see him again."

Mrs. Sims wept too, while Mrs. Craddock preserved a composed and sepulchral demeanour. Jenifer did not weep, but her

wistful eyes and clinging hands as Arthur gave his last kiss showed how bitter was the parting.

The anchor had been hove home shortly before Arthur went on board, and soon it was off the ground, and the sails were set one by one as she dropped down the harbour. At last the boat had to be cast adrift, and with a heartfelt "Good-bye, and God bless you," the friends parted company. In a short time the brig reached the point at the mouth of the harbour, put her helm to starboard, rounded the point, and disappeared from view.

May God watch over them and bring them home in safety again ! So Daniel and the women prayed as they returned. Will the prayer be answered ? Only the future can reveal that. For the present "white-handed hope, that hovering angel girt with golden wings," is their comfort and stay.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE VOICE OF MANY WATERS.

We thought of wrecks upon the main,
Of ships dismasted, that were hail'd
And sent no answer back again.

Longfellow.

ARTHUR was gone and Jenifer was left to wait for his return with what patience she could command. If the brig arrived safely a letter would come back in four or five months, and there was the chance of her being spoken to by some homeward-bound ship. News came when they were not expecting it. When the *Annie Lee* had been gone about three months, a steamer called the *North Star* arrived at Liverpool, and reported that she had picked up, in

latitude 20° S. and longitude 5° W., a ship's boat bearing the name *Annie Lee*, with her side crushed in, and that two days later she had also come across a life-buoy which bore the same name. From the appearance of the boat it was not improbable that the *Annie Lee* had been in collision with some other ship, but there was nothing to show what had become of the two crews. They might have escaped in one or both the ships or in boats.

Daniel heard this piece of news from the group of men on the quay as he landed from his boat one forenoon, and after ascertaining that the intelligence was correct—that is to say, that it was in the newspaper—went home with a heavy heart to tell his wife and daughter.

“The *Annie Lee* have a bin spokken

to," said he, intending to lead up gradually to a recital of the evil tidings.

"How do you know?" asked Jenifer eagerly.

"'Tis in the newspaper," answered Daniel; "a steamer called the *North Star* spokke to her some little time ago, or there, not 'xactly spokke to her."

"Were they all well?" inquired Jenifer anxiously.

"Well no, not 'xactly," was the answer; "they had a met with a bit of a collision."

"A collision!" said Jenifer, aghast. "Was there much damage done? was there anybody hurt?"

"Nobody doant know yet what the damage es, but they hope they're all seeaved. The fact of the matter es—now doant 'ee be frightened, Jenny, doant 'ee be frightened, mother—the fact of the matter

es, the *North Star* have picked up a life-buoy and a boat weth the neeame *Annie Lee* upon it, but very likely the crew are all saved. The boat might have been carr'd away in the collision, and they might have got aboard the other ship, or have got away in their other boat."

"Tell me the worst, father," said Jenifer, white to the lips with suppressed emotion; "tell me if they think the ship is lost."

"I'm dubious about the ship," answered Daniel, "but you mustn't lose hope, my poor dear. I'm hopin' they're aboard the ship that runned 'em down, that es if they was runned down," and he put his strong arm around his distressed daughter and drew her to him.

"Does Mrs. Treleaven know of it?" asked Jenifer, sobbing.

“I doant knaw,” replied Daniel, “I expect not. Shall I go and tell her?”

“No, I’ll go,” said she; “perhaps I can tell her better than anybody else.”

Jenifer set off at once, hoping to be the first to break the news, but as soon as she opened the door she saw that some one had preceded her. Mrs. Treleaven was sitting in a low chair rocking herself to and fro, and saying, as the tears rolled down her face,—

“My boy, my boy, I shall never see him again, I shall never see him again.”

At the sight of Jenifer her grief became still more violent, and she sobbed and moaned in turn with her arms thrown round Jenifer’s neck. Jenifer led her back to her seat and tried to soothe the distressed mother, forgetting in some measure her own fear and grief, as she assured her that there was no evidence that the

ship was lost, and that her father was hopeful that the crew were safe. This calmed Mrs. Treleaven a little, but now and again, as her fears predominated over her hopes, she broke out afresh into a tempest of weeping.

During the succeeding months the mother and sweetheart waited anxiously for tidings of Arthur, but no tidings came. Once their hopes were raised by the news that a bottle had been found on the south coast of Ireland containing a paper with this message written upon it: "Brig *Annie Leigh* going down in the Bay of Biscay after collision—ship bearing down upon us—weather fine—boat coming alongside—saved—James Maclean."

Daniel explained to the women that the ship which had taken off the crew of the sinking brig might perhaps be going a long voyage to the East Indies, or round

the Horn, and that, therefore, it might be a considerable time before they could receive any tidings. There could hardly be two brigs of the same name, he thought, sinking by collision just at the same time. True the name was spelt *Annie Leigh*, and not *Lee*, but that might be a mistake of the writer.

In the hope inspired by this Jenifer wrote to the owners of the brig at Liverpool to ask if they could give any encouragement. The answer she received completely extinguished her hopes. She was told that there was on the Shipping List a brig called the *Annie Leigh*, and there could be little doubt that the name found in the bottle was spelt correctly, for in the list of her crew was an able seaman named James Maclean, whereas in the crew of the *Annie Lee* there was no person bearing that name. This blow was almost

harder to bear than the first : they had built so much on this baseless hope. After a time intelligence came of the arrival at San Francisco of the ship *Ocean Queen*, having on board the rescued crew of the *Annie Leigh*, and it was now all but certain that the *Annie Lee* and her crew had gone to the bottom.

Mrs. Treleaven, who had been ailing for some time, sank into a profound melancholy which ended in death before the end of the year. For some weeks before the end she ceased to speak to Mrs. Trewhella and Jenifer, who were assiduous in their attentions to the poor widow. Half an hour before her death she roused herself from her stupor, and grasping Jenifer's hand, whispered, "The only son of his mother, and she was a widow," and then raising her voice she said, "Now he is dead wherefore should I fast? can I bring him

back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me," and quietly passed away.

Jenifer suffered as keenly as the mother, but she was young and healthy, and after a time resumed her work as before, though with a whiter cheek and more subdued mien. As for Daniel, he never ceased to regret the loss of the brave young fellow who had in affection as in relationship been to him almost a son.

CHAPTER XV.

CHIEFLY ON BUSINESS.

But—shop each day and all day long !

Friend, your good angel slept, your star
Suffer'd eclipse, fate did you wrong !

From where these sorts of treasures are,
There should our hearts be—Christ how far !

Robert Browning.

“ WHY, Mark, you don't mean to say that you are at home ! I had no idea that you were coming down again,” said George Roskilly to his friend, whom he met in a lane leading to Wheal Risky, an abandoned mine about three miles from St. Enodoc.

“ No,” answered Mark, “ the old people were taken by surprise when I arrived last

night. I came down on business—not official, on my own account, I mean.”

“You are deep in mining I hear,” said George; “rather a risky kind of speculation, isn’t it?”

“Not if you keep your eyes open,” was the answer. “Of course the stupid people who haven’t sense enough to know tin, as the miners say, have to pay for their ignorance.”

“Of course,” said George, “and sharp fellows, like Mr. Mark Rundle for example, pocket the cash. Is that what you mean?”

Mark suspected that George was laughing at him, but as his face showed no trace of a smile he answered,—

“I don’t mind telling you that my mining speculations have turned out very well—in a small way, of course. When Wheal Betsy Jane was started two years

ago I had saved up a couple of five-pound notes and I invested in ten shares—Captain Tregurtha's son, who is in the office at Bristol, put me up to it—and in six months the shares were selling for four times what I gave for them. When they reached four pounds a share I sold out, and a lucky thing I did, for a week after the water broke in and drowned the mine, and shares were going a-begging at five shillings apiece."

"I thought I heard that your father made some money in the same mine?" said George.

"No," Mark answered, "'twas afterwards in Wheal Mary Ann that he invested. I got him to do it after long persuasion : he'd rather have a safe three per cent., he said, than a very doubtful ten. He bought a good many shares in the end, and well they've paid too, but I'm thinking that 'tis

time to be looking about for a purchaser, for I hear that the purser has been selling his shares quietly."

"But what have you come down about now? if I may be allowed to ask," said George.

"Well, I have been suggesting to Captain Tregurtha that something might be made of old Wheal Risky if a competent man took her in hand, and I thought I would run down and inquire for myself what is known about her before we hazard any of our money. Fortunes are lost in mining, you know, as well as gained."

"Have you seen Jenifer Trewhella since you came down?" inquired George, changing the subject of conversation.

"No," answered Mark, "I haven't seen her since Treleaven was lost, and that is quite two years ago—seen her I mean to speak to, I've come across her in the

street once or twice. She's not engaged again, is she?"

"I believe not. There's a chance for you, old fellow, you used to be sweet upon her you know. It was almost an engagement at one time, wasn't it?"

"Almost," replied Mark; "but she took offence at some little attention I paid to Esther Mansell, and then Treleaven came in the way, and I gave her mortal offence by calling him a fishing fellow."

"A somewhat proud young woman," suggested George.

"Well, rather," assented Mark, "but as good as gold—she's as good as she looks, and that's saying a great deal."

"Come, come," said George in a bantering tone, "I verily believe, my worthy friend, thou hast still some lingering affection for the comely damsel."

"Between ourselves," returned Mark,

“ I’ve often wished I hadn’t made such a fool of myself. I might have had her at one time—there is no question about that—but now, of course, there’s a double barrier : in the first place she is aggrieved at what I said and did, and in the second place there is her affection for Arthur Treleaven.”

“ Why, my good fellow, you don’t suppose she is going to offer herself up to his memory, do you ? And as to her being vexed at something you did years ago, that is sheer nonsense, a true woman doesn’t let things rankle in her heart in that way. She was fond of you once : very well, a woman will forgive anything to a man she cared for. Try her.”

“ I don’t know,” Mark was beginning dubiously, when his father came round the corner towards them, looking older and greyer, but still showing the world

a chubby and good-humoured countenance.

“Well, Mark,” he said, “what do you think of her?”

“She’ll do unless I am much mistaken,” Mark replied. “I’ll write and ask Captain Tregurtha to come and look at her. So far as I can find out there’s plenty of tin in her, but the adventurers who opened her were a timid lot, and dropped her just when they should have kept her going.”

“What do you think of Mark’s ’cute mining speculations, George?” asked Jeremiah proudly; “he’s not very old, but he knows tin. He’s a Rundle if ever there was one; he’ll make some money, if he do live long enough. I suppose you were at church last Sunday night? Mr. Carnanton went on a lot about money being the root of all evil—that’s foolishness, as I towld my woman when I went home. What it do

railly mane is that money is the root of all evil for people who haven't the sense to manage it properly. But the old gentleman is gitting a bit toatlish I think. Every now and again he do go on about paying twenty shillings in the pound, as if the Bible had anything to do with business. The Bible is to save your souls, not to tell 'ee how to manage your business. I don't like such personal preaching, and I towld Mr. Carnanton so the other day. Not but what I like a man to pay his debts, more especially if it's a little bill for rope."

"Then you don't agree with Mr. Josiah," said George. "He told me yesterday that the sermon he likes is one denouncing short weights and measures, and cheating in trade, and deception and lying everywhere. 'Turning up the whites of your eyes and groaning "Amen" is all very well, he said, 'but I'm for boots well made,

and coats properly stitched, and sermons practised as well as preached, and ready money down on the nail.' ”

“That’s all very well for he,” said Jeremiah, “but he’s not in business and doesn’t know how contracts pinch and customers worry. Postmasters may be pertickler, but rope-making is a more stretchy kind of a business. I’m advising Mark to look about for a wife with some cash,” he continued after a pause. “None of your girls with pretty faces and empty pockets for me.”

“I don’t know about that,” said George chivalrously ; “I don’t think you ought to estimate the ladies according to their value from a money point of view. The price of a virtuous woman is above rubies, Solomon says. He doesn’t say anything about the fortune she brings with her.”

“Yes, but Solomon had more than he

could tell what to do with," replied Jeremiah. "If he had a little money invested and wanted to double it, he would have an eye to the rubies I fancy. A wife you may find any day, but rubies are not to be gathered from every bush. But I must be going on."

When Jeremiah had got out of hearing George remarked to Mark, with a sly grin,—

"How about the poor beauty now, old fellow? I fancy papa has got grander ideas in his head. Jenifer and a couple of thousand might do, but Jenifer and nothing is not to be thought of for a moment."

"If I could get Jenifer to say 'yes,'" observed Mark, "I am not afraid but that in time I could bring round my worthy sire. I flatter myself I know how to manage him."

“Then you’ve dropped Esther Mansell altogether?” said George.

“Oh yes, confound her, she caused all the mischief,” Mark answered. “I never did care much for her. She is as spiteful as Satan himself; and besides, old Job is not an over-savoury individual to introduce into one’s family. He drank before the hope of having that legacy dazzled him, and when that turned out a delusion, so far as he was concerned, he became ten times worse, as you know, and now the old reprobate is never sober while he has any money to spend. Esther has some redeeming qualities, for nearly all the bread that goes into Job’s house is earned by her needle, so Aunt Chatty tells me. But here we are, George. I must say good-night, I want to run in to see Mr. Josiah.”

Mrs. Pinnock happened to be looking

out of Mr. Josiah's door, which was fortunate, as it saved Mark the laborious occupation of attracting her attention by knocking. The old lady did not recognize Mark, and her answer to his loud inquiry if Mr. Josiah was within was to produce a long telescopic ear-trumpet, adjust it carefully, and ejaculate,—

“Hey !”

“Is Mr. Josiah in ?” shouted Mark.

“Ceeant hear a word you say,” replied Mrs. Pinnock.

Mark repeated his question at the top of his voice.

“No, I doant know nothin’ about your hin,” answered the old woman, imagining that Mark was making inquiries about some strayed poultry.

Mark seeing that further colloquy was useless, endeavoured to pass the janitor, but Mrs. Pinnock, suspecting some bur-

glorious attempt, promptly retreated and slammed the door in his face.

“This is a pretty state of things,” he was saying to himself, when the door was opened and Mr. Josiah appeared. He had heard the noisy conference at the door, and the final bang, and had come to see the cause.

“Well, Mark,” he said, when they were seated in the little parlour, “is your fortune made yet !”

“Not quite,” was Mark’s laughing answer.

“But you are making haste to be rich, I hear,” said Mr. Josiah. “I suppose your salary and three per cent. is not sufficient for an ambitious young gentleman like you?”

“Hardly,” replied Mark. “That did very well for the past generation, but we move a little faster nowadays.”

“To be sure,” assented Mr. Josiah, “we

do move faster, especially down hill. I don't wonder at it, though, for the young men are much cleverer than when I was growing up."

"Their education, perhaps, is better attended to," suggested Mark.

"And their intellects are so much more profound," added the postmaster. "There can be no question about that, for they tell us so themselves."

"Big fortunes are made in mining," observed Mark.

"And lost," rejoined Mr. Josiah.

"By blockheads," added the complacent young speculator.

"Certainly," said Mr. Josiah, "by blockheads, not by shrewd young post-office clerks. They don't lose fortunes for a very good reason, but even the aforesaid paragons of wisdom get their fingers pinched sometimes."

“ You wouldn’t care to invest in Wheal Risky, I suppose ? ” suggested Mark maliciously.

“ Not just at present,” replied Mr. Josiah in a sarcastic tone. “ ’Twould be a pity to take away one shilling of profit from the clever young gentlemen who are enriching an ungrateful country by turning its tin and copper into gold. I daresay you can find a few widows and orphans to take the shares you do not want yourselves. Josiah Toms prefers to exercise the virtue of self-denial a little longer.”

CHAPTER XVI.

A MAN'S LOVE.

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best.

Burns.

MARK RUNDLE had been a week at St. Enodoc. He had finished his business, such as it was, and his leave from the post-office would expire on the morrow. It occurred to him that he should like to spend his last evening strolling about the cliffs and little coves which he had known from childhood. His thoughts during his ramble took a wide range, dwelling in turn upon his mining schemes, his love projects,

his own past folly, Jenifer's beauty and Esther Mansell's spitefulness. Immersed in his day-dreams he became oblivious of the beauty of the scene spread out before him. The moan of the harbour was sounding in his ears, and a line of breakers showed where the bar lay, but what were *keen* of ocean, and feathery foam, and blue sea, and clamorous sea-gull to him whose heart was set on the acquisition of a faire ladye; to say nothing of tin-mines and the ten per cent. interest? Hence it was that Mark in his abstraction nearly stumbled over a woman sitting reading on a rock by the side of the path through the barley-field which skirted the cliff. As he instinctively apologized his eyes met those of the reader, and to his intense embarrassment he saw that it was Jenifer Trewhella. Mark had usually no lack of confidence, but somehow in this emergency he could frame

no satisfactory speech to the girl whom he loved and really wished to see. Jenifer made no answer to his incoherent apologies, but simply moved aside to give him room to pass.

“Won’t you speak to me, Jenifer?” he asked, recovering himself. “You needn’t shun me as if I were a snake or a toad, or some other noxious animal.”

“I never shunned you,” she said simply, “I only moved out of your way.”

“But you can’t deny that you dislike me?” he persisted.

“I have no feeling of dislike towards you,” she answered; “I have no feeling one way or the other. You have passed away altogether out of my life, that is all.”

“And yet we were once great friends, if not something more,” he said. “Why should there be such a separation?”

“You need not ask me that,” Jenifer replied. “The separation was your act, not mine.”

“Not altogether mine,” he said. “Arthur Treleaven cut me out, although he knew there was almost an engagement between us.”

“Arthur never did a dishonourable thing,” said Jenifer indignantly.

“I only go by what Esther Mansell told me.”

“You weren’t always so ready to believe Esther; it suited your purpose to believe her then. But we need not go into that now, it is all dead and buried.”

“Will you shake hands with me and forget the past then?” he asked. “I have been foolish and worse than foolish, I know; and if I have given you pain by any action of mine, forgive me, Jenifer. I haven’t done you any real harm, and the

remembrance of all the years of our childhood spent together should count for something."

Jenifer was touched by Mark's last words, and she therefore stretched out her hand, and the reconciliation was accomplished.

After a long conversation on the past, the two wended their way homewards together. When they reached the last stile and St. Enodoc came in sight, Mark paused as if to look again at the view seawards. The bar was shut off by an intervening point, and the roar of its surf was borne but faintly to their ears. The gentle lapping of tiny wavelets on the beach below was almost the only sound which broke the evening stillness. The birds had ceased their song, and St. Enodoc was still too far distant for its hum to reach them. But Mark's thoughts were again wander-

ing from the beauties of nature. His youthful affection for his companion had come back with fourfold force. It was a man's love, now, not a boy's partiality. How could he tell Jenifer this? How would she receive it? And yet he could not let this opportunity slip. His love was stronger than his fears.

“Jenifer,” he began huskily, “don't be angry with me; I can't let you go like this. It is useless trying to keep my feelings under—I must speak.”

“I—I don't know what you mean,” said Jenifer, somewhat alarmed.

“I mean, Jenny, that I love you with all the strength of my nature. Don't be cold and cruel to me. If you can't say ‘yes’ to me now, let me hope. I can wait. I am not a boy now, but a grown man.”

“I will not hear another word,” said Jenifer vehemently; “you ought to be

ashamed to speak to me in this way, knowing what poor Arthur was to me."

"I've said nothing that I need be ashamed of," said Mark, somewhat sobered. "Arthur was not your husband, and even if he were, he has been lost a long time now, and no woman is bound to remain a perpetual widow. If you dislike me, say so, but don't say that I have done anything dishonourable."

Jenifer saw that her feelings had caused her to be unjust. A proposal of marriage by a free man to an unfettered woman of equal birth could scarcely be called base, whatever else might be said about it. Her eyes filled with tears as she held out her hand, saying,—

"Forgive me, I was hasty, but I can't bear any allusion to that subject. I wish that we may be friends, and friends only. But we can't be even that unless you re-

frain from everything like that which took place just now.

“I will try to please you,” said Mark humbly.

He was too much afraid of losing his lady-love altogether to insist upon better terms.

CHAPTER XVII.

TO BE, OR NOT TO BE.

He has a shrewd wit, I can tell you ; and he's a man good enough : he's one of the soundest judgments in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person.

Troilus and Cressida.

ANOTHER six months passed away without bringing prosperity to the fisherfolk of St. Enodoc. Now and then a little money was made by succouring disabled vessels, but this, added to what they could earn by their nets, barely held the wolf at bay, and many a father and mother went hungry to bed that the cry of the little ones might be stilled.

Daniel Trewhella and his wife were now

amply repaid for their humanity in adopting the child saved from the wreck. It was Jenifer's exertions which saved them from utter destitution; it was Jenifer's needle which earned their bread. Mrs. Dunstable, knowing something of the state of affairs, employed her to some considerable extent, and Miss Jink retiring from business on account of advanced age, a portion of her work fell to her late assistant.

Rebecca Trewhella's chief trouble was the evident fact that this constant attention to her work was telling upon her daughter's health. Her cheeks were pale at all times, but a weary look in her lustrous eyes and a loss of the youthful contour of her countenance told of a struggle in which she was fated to be conquered; and showed her friends in a way which could not be mistaken that

nature protested against the violence which was being done to her.

When things were at this pass Mark again came down from Bristol for a few days. He soon found out the impoverished state of the Trewhellas, and resolved to turn it to account in his designs on Jenifer. On the evening of his return, seeing Jenifer pass up the street, he resolved to call upon Daniel and his wife to win them, if possible, to his side.

He found Daniel sitting before the fire, while his wife was at the table, endeavouring to fit a piece of new cloth into the rent of an old garment. Their troubles, combined with advancing age, had left their marks upon the worthy couple. Daniel's iron frame had become bent, and his weather-beaten locks thin and white. while Rebecca's once comely features were pinched and worn, and her fingers trembled

as she plied her needle. Dark days, indeed, had succeeded to the sunshine which once was theirs.

“It’s worse and worse,” Daniel was saying as Mark entered, “worse and worse, ‘Becca; the union will pick us up in the end. I ceeant see nothin’ else in front of us. Oh! you’ve found us out, have ‘ee?” he continued when he caught sight of Mark; “I thought you had got so rich that you dedn knaw poor people like we. You couldn’ find time to look in upon us last time you was home I suppose?”

“It wasn’t because I didn’t want to see you,” said Mark, “but you know, I daresay, that there was a little unpleasantness between Jenifer and me—my own fault I’ll own—and that kept me away.”

“Jenny didn’ say nothin’ about it,” said Rebecca, “but we couldn’ help seein’

what was the matter ; but that's all right now, edn it? She towld me you meeade it all up the last time you was home."

"How long before Jenifer will be back?" asked Mark abruptly.

"In about heeaf an hour's time," answered Rebecca. "She's gone up to see Mrs. Dunstable about some work."

"Then I'll tell you at once what I came for," said Mark. "You know that when we were home together we always looked upon one another as lovers, and before I left for Bristol there was almost an engagement made between us. I didn't treat her very well afterwards, and Arthur Treleaven came along—a capital fellow I'm told, I didn't know him—and they would have been married in time I suppose, but he was lost in the *Annie Lee*, and Jenifer is now a free woman. I offered to marry her when I was at home last time,

but she wouldn't hear of it, and now I want you to speak a good word for me. I would try to be a good husband to her, and she would be in comfortable circumstances and have no need to work herself to death, as I'm told she is doing now. And beside, I would see to it that you were cared for. You wouldn't be afraid to trust her with me, would you?"

"Law, no," answered Rebecca, "and ef she was well married we should be glad. We doant want to part with her, God knaws, but it goes to my heart to see her sleeavin' for we."

Mark's frankness had won the heart of his old friend Daniel, who said,—

"We weeant foace her, my son, but ef you can git her to say 'iss,' we'll say 'God bless 'ee boath.'"

"Don't tell Jenifer what we have been talking about," said Mark as he departed,

well satisfied with the success of his diplomacy.

Meanwhile Jenifer had gone to the Castle to see Mrs. Dunstable. That good lady was still comely and dignified, but age had asserted its power by whitening her hair and deepening the lines upon her face. Mr. Treleigh, the last of an ancient race, was gathered to his fathers, and Mrs. Dunstable, active and benevolent as she was, could with difficulty throw off the sorrow which the loss of her noble-hearted brother brought upon her. She received Jenifer with a sad, sweet smile. The worn look of the young woman, beautiful even in her wanness and poverty, touched the heart of the high-born and wealthy dame. She had not to face destitution and strive for the daily crust, but she knew the blankness which settles upon the home when the light of the eyes is taken away

and the house is left desolate. Husband and child, and brother she had seen carried out to be laid in the lap of mother earth, and she had been left alone to weep. She could therefore sympathize with the troubles of simple fisher-people, and strove, as English gentlefolk are wont to strive, to bind up their wounded hearts. She hoped that Jenifer's weary toil was nearly ended, and it was this which brought a smile to her face to-day. Looking into Jenifer's face she said,—

“I suppose you will not work much longer at dressmaking?”

“Not work at dressmaking?” said Jenifer in amazement; “I hope to work as long as God shall give me strength.”

“But you will not need to work for your living if what I hear is true.”

“I do not know what you mean, ma'am,” said Jenifer in alarm at she knew not what.

“It is nothing you need be troubled at,” said Mrs. Dunstable, noticing her trembling, “it is only a rumour that you are to be married to young Rundle, that is all. I was going to congratulate you on your prospect of a comfortable settlement. I am sorry I mentioned it if it is not true, as I gather from your astonishment. But about this silk,” and Mrs. Dunstable turned to the subject of dress-making.

On her way home Jenifer met Mrs. Craddock. That worthy old lady had become very infirm, but she was able to walk about a little with the aid of a stick.

“Aw,” she said with a snort, “so thee’rt goin’ the way of all flesh, art tha?”

Jenifer flushed, thinking that Mrs. Craddock was alluding to her bad state of health.

“I know I’m not very well,” she said, “but I hope ’tis not so bad as that.”

“So bad as that!” said Mrs. Craddock. “I’m glad you do teeake the right view of it arter all, for seemin’ to me, marriage es a wisht job, sure ’nough.”

“Marriage!” exclaimed Jenifer, “I thought you meant something else, but if anybody told you I was going to be married, they told you what was false. I wish people would mind their own business.”

And Jenifer hastened on, leaving Mrs. Craddock to meditate on the misery of marriage in general, and the iniquities of husbands in particular.

After telling her mother the result of her interview with Mrs. Dunstable, Jenifer went into the garden, where in the old days we found her playing at mimic

weddings and funerals with Mark and Jessie Rundle. Alas! the real wedding peal had never rung out, while the funeral knell had sounded in her ears again and again. Jenifer had a dim foreboding that soon the death-bell would tell the world that she too had passed away, she felt so weary and sick at heart.

Looking up from her reverie she saw that Mark was watching her from the adjoining garden. Seeing that he was observed, he greeted her warmly, receiving in return a quiet but cordial smile. After a few words about nothing in particular, Mark said,—

“You don’t know what I am come home for, Jenifer, I suppose?”

“No,” she answered, “is it business or pleasure?”

“Well,” he said hesitatingly, “I hope the latter, although it is a matter which

affects my future well-being. Can't you guess, Jenifer?"

"No," she replied, "I am not good at guessing."

"It concerns you," he said.

"I don't know what you mean," she said, as a thought of what he might mean flashed across her mind.

"I am come home again to ask the old question."

"I am afraid then I must give you my old answer," she replied.

"Won't you take pity on me?" he said, leaning across the hedge and looking into her eyes. "You hinted to me years ago that you would not say 'no' if you were older, and now you steel your heart against me. Is it because of my old unfaithfulness that you disdain me? Surely it is not an unpardonable sin."

"No," she said, "I have forgiven and

forgotten that. I do not despise you, I do not steel my heart against you ; I simply say I do not love you as a wife should love her husband, that is all."

"But that might come," he pleaded ; "I am willing to trust to the future for that. You believe I love you dearly, Jenifer ? "

"I see no reason to doubt that," she replied ; "but there is an obstacle apart from my own feelings. I could never leave my poor old father and mother ; they are almost entirely dependent upon me now."

"Jenifer, Jenifer," he remonstrated, "that is one reason why you should listen to me. If you were my wife you wouldn't have to slave as you do now, and your father and mother should not want while I had a crust to share with them. I promise you that."

“Don’t press me any more,” she said, bursting into tears, “I can’t bear it, I must go in,” and Mark was left in doubt as to what the issue would be.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TO-MORROW.

This year I slept and woke with pain,
I almost wish'd no more to wake,
And that my hold on life would break
Before I heard those bells again.

In Memoriam.

“WHAT are 'ee crying for?” asked Rebecca Trewhella, noticing the tears on Jenifer's pale face.

“Oh, it is nothing of consequence, mother,” was the answer.

“'Tis somefin' young Mr. Mark said to you,” returned Rebecca. “I seed un talkin' to 'ee ovver the wall. You haven't falled out again, have 'ee?”

“No, mother, no,” answered Jenifer,

“but something he said brought the tears to my eyes. That is all; please don’t ask me anything more about it.”

Mrs. Trewhella remembered Mark’s words, and shrewdly suspected that Jenifer’s agitation had something to do with the same subject, and therefore, wily diplomatist as she imagined herself to be, decided there and then to carry out her promise to Jenifer’s suitor by making a few judicious remarks.

“Mr. Mark was a owld lover of yours, Jenny,” she observed, “and I shouldn’t be surprised ef he was a bit fond of you still. He would meeake a good husband, for he’s a clever young man, and his father towld me that he es seeavin’ money fast. And he’s a good-lookin’ fellow ef ever there was wan.”

“Handsome es as handsome does,” interposed Daniel between two great puffs

of tobacco-smoke, in forgetfulness of the compact entered into with Mark.

“Well, father,” said Rebecca, “what have ’ee got agin Mr. Mark?”

“I haven’ got nothin’ agin un,” rejoined Daniel; “oh dear no : quite the contrary.”

“I should be thankful ef you was married and comfortable,” said Rebecca, turning to Jenifer. “I’m worriting myself to see ’ee weeastin’ away like before my eyes. And to think that we ceeant do nothin’ but set down and look at ’ee. Here’s father ony gittin’ a shellen’ now and then, and beginnin’ to look so owld and waik and wisht like. ’T’es wisht to think about, and we was doin’ so well before that bank brokke. ’T’es the Almighty’s doin’s and I knaw we mustn’t murmur agin’ He, but ’tes hard to set down and starve.”

Jenifer went to bed soon after, but she

lay tossing for hours before she could get any sleep. A struggle was going on in her mind between her inclination and her filial love. Her health was beginning to fail, that was painfully apparent, and with the loss of health would depart the ability to do anything for her father and mother. On the other hand there was a comfortable home offered her by one who undoubtedly loved her, and an assured provision for the old people. But she felt that she could not return Mark's love. Ought she to accept him? But he had declared his willingness to accept her on her own terms. Could she say 'yes' to his proposal? Her whole soul recoiled from what she felt would be a profanation of marriage, and she resolved to abide by her decision. And, utterly wearied, she fell into a troubled sleep, and as she slept she dreamed.

It seemed to her that she was entering the cottage in which she had lived all her life. Near the fireplace was a brawny fisherman, and opposite him was a matron, comely and kindly, holding an infant of a fair countenance and lustrous black eyes. And the fisherman said,—

“The child shall never want while I have bread to eat.”

And she awoke and knew that Daniel and Rebecca Trewhella were the fisherman and his wife, and she was the black-eyed child.

Again she slept and dreamed.

It was again the interior of Daniel Trewhella's cottage that she saw, but Daniel and his wife were aged and bent, and their cheeks were hollow and their eyes sunken, and they pointed their fingers at her and said,—

“You did not save us as we saved you.”

And she awoke and said to herself, "It is a token. I can save them only in one way, but God knows it is a hard way, yet if it is His will, I must not shrink from it."

And a third time she dreamed.

She thought she was going to the church with Mark, and on the way met her long-lost lover, who smiled upon her, and said, "God bless you," but when they stood at the altar, and she turned to look at Mark, behold, it was no longer he, but Arthur.

And when the morning came, calm and still and bright with sunshine, she resolved, calmly and bravely, for the sake of her father and mother, to say "yes" to Mark's question if it should again be put.

On the evening of the second day Mark, meeting Daniel and Rebecca in the street, and learning from them that Jenifer was in the house alone, determined to make

one final appeal. He knocked at the door and then entered, and found her sewing as if for dear life, although she had already done far more than a fair day's work. She flushed when she saw Mark, for she knew by his look that the crisis of her life was come.

"Jenifer," he said, standing in front of her.

"Mark," she answered quietly.

"I do not want to distress you, but I want to ask you once more if you will give me my heart's desire."

"I told you I did not love you as a wife should love her husband," she answered in a low tone.

"And I told you that I was content to wait for that," he said. "Jenifer, will you be my wife?"

Her eyes filled with tears, but she stretched out her hand towards him.

He seized it eagerly, and would have enfolded her in his arms, but she quietly restrained him, saying, "Not yet, not yet," and Mark was forced to content himself with one kiss from Jenifer's sweet, pure lips.

Mark pressed to have the marriage celebrated within ten days, saying that he would obtain longer leave from the post-office, and as there was no valid objection to this, Jenifer, after some discussion, reluctantly consented. She only stipulated that the wedding should be early in the day and as quiet as possible.

Mark had a somewhat unpleasant task to perform that evening. Jeremiah Rundle had set his heart on Mark's marrying "a bit of money," and relied upon the Rundle instinct for hard cash to carry this wish into effect. But here was his sharp son throwing himself away upon a pretty face.

Mark relied upon his acknowledged influence with his father to remove the painful feeling likely to be produced by this sad declension from the family ideal. His mother he did not trouble about, she had always endorsed the doings of her son.

“Father,” Mark began, with an apologetic cough, “will you come into the parlour, I want to speak to you.”

“Certainly, my son,” answered Jeremiah, entering the said parlour, and fixing his spectacles astride his nose.

“I’ve taken a very important step,” Mark began.

“A good investment?” inquired Jeremiah, with the moneyed air of a Baring or a Rothschild.

“Well, I hope so,” said Mark hesitatingly, “but ’tis a more important step than anything in the way of investments.”

"Can't be, my son," said Jeremiah, pushing up his spectacles in astonishment at this heresy, "can't be. There can't be nothing in this here mortal world more important than investments."

"The fact is," said Mark bluntly, "I am going to get married."

"Married!" exclaimed Jeremiah, "married! I didn't know you were courting. Who's the young woman?"

"Well," said Mark, "she's not very well off, but she's good."

"Good," grunted Jeremiah, "how much per cent. will goodness turn in?"

"It all depends," replied Mark; "I'm inclined to think it pays very well sometimes. But, to cut matters short, I've asked Jenifer Trewhella to be my wife."

"Jenifer Trewhella!" exclaimed Jeremiah in astonishment, "why she's as poor as a lawyer's cat. I thought better of 'ee,

Mark, yes, I did. I made up my mind you'd act like a Rundle and marry a hundred or two; but to think you've thraved yourself clean away! 'Tis every bit as bad as spinning ropes and not getting paid for 'em."

"There's one thing, father," said Mark persuasively, "if she brings nothing with her, she knows how to take care of what she comes into."

"Ah! well, there's something in that," said Jeremiah in a somewhat more resigned tone. "Keep well is better than get well, and a penny saved up is as good as a three-penny-piece picked up. But make the best of it, and 'tis a wisht job then. But is it all settled?"

"Yes," replied Mark, thinking he had better make a clean breast of it, "and what's more, we've agreed to have the wedding before I go away. I shall write

for a little longer leave to-morrow morning."

"Aw, dear! you've a tookt my breath away," said Jeremiah in despair. "I've a listened to 'ee, my son, and have made a bit of money by it, but you mustn't expect me to invest much in this here risky speculation, for I'm doubting that you'll never get enough by it to pay the working expenses."

"Oh! I'll chance that," said Mark, well satisfied that his father offered no stronger opposition. "And now you have given your consent, I'll tell mother all about it."

CHAPTER XIX.

“WILT THOU HAVE THIS MAN?”

He that will enter into Paradise must have a good key.

Proverb.

It was the first morning of a new year. The heaven was black with clouds, and a raging wind swept the sea and the land, driving the former before it in fleecy foam, and making the great trees on the latter reel and stagger under its fierce blows. What had induced Mr. Carnanton to venture out in such wild weather? He had seen many winters, as his feeble gait and the white hairs which peeped out from under his hat abundantly testified. He had seen many winters, I say, but few winter storms

like this. It beat in his face, and whirled him onwards with a force which almost lifted him off his feet. At one moment he had to crouch against the hedge for temporary shelter, at another to rush past a gate like a gunboat passing a battery.

His business was worth a little personal inconvenience, for he was bent on such an errand of mercy as "blesseth him that gives and him that takes." He was about to give the Church's blessing to two young hearts, to make the currents of two lives flow into one channel.

"Wedding bells, golden bells!
What a world of happiness
Their harmony foretells."

Unfortunately, on this marriage morning the fulfilment of the above theory was somewhat problematical, for the bride was by no means eager to take the solemn

vows which, nevertheless, she would without doubt endeavour to fulfil.

A deep boom had been borne to Mr. Carnanton's ears as he left his house, a half-mile or more from the church, which made his heart leap with fear, for it told him that some ship was in distress on the dreaded coast of his parish, and that brave sailors would soon be fighting for their lives. Boom! it sounded again, and the devout old man lifted up his heart to the Ruler of the elements to save the struggling mariners.

The parson at last reached the church as the aforesaid black clouds began to discharge their contents upon the hapless earth with the violence of waterspouts. He found the high contracting parties waiting for him. There was Jenifer clad in well-worn, not to say thread-bare, garments of her own, for she had resolutely declined the offers of Mrs. Dunstable to

provide her with a wedding outfit. She looked even paler than was her wont, and tears, which were not tears of joy, came ever and anon to her eyes. The expectant bridegroom looked triumphant. Tall and well-made, with black eyes and clustering hair of the same hue, he was, so far as outward appearances go, a young man whom a woman might be pardoned for falling in love with. And, indeed, with the exception of a somewhat large amount of self-satisfaction and self-assertion, there was nothing particular in his character and conduct to find fault with. He was handsome, capable, and prosperous, and, therefore, decidedly eligible from the matrimonial market point of view.

Mr. Rundle, senior, had been won over, to some extent, by the persuasive tongue of his son, and was present "to see fair play," as he put it to his wife. Jeremiah's best

black broad-cloth, which only saw the light on great occasions, was taken from its usual resting-place, a deep drawer, as its crumpled appearance clearly showed. “It will air the coat, if nothing else, and keep the moth from eating it,” Jeremiah remarked to his spouse as he invested himself in this sacred garment. “This congregation” was completed by Daniel Trewhella in his best beaver coat with brass buttons, and Rebecca, looking quite gay in the treasured Paisley shawl, which she had worn at her own wedding so many years before.

Of course the solemn clerk and the ancient dame whose business it was to clean the church were there, but they being official, not to say officious, would decidedly object to be classed with the ordinary people who required their ministration.

The church was cold and dark. The grey figures on the font seemed ashen as if with the biting morning air, and the marble figures on the walls looked like gigantic icicles. It certainly was not a nice morning to be married on, and, Mr. Carnanton thought, not a nice morning to perform the ceremony.

The bridal party, in due time, took their allotted places at the altar rails, and the service began. Mr. Carnanton found that the voice of the storm was louder than his, enfeebled as it was with age, for ever and anon it beat against the windows, and rushed round the buttresses with a roar which drowned every other sound.

The momentous question was put to Mark, "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" and he answered joyfully, "I will," and the vicar turned to

the trembling bride, “Jenifer, wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband, to live together after God’s ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou obey him, and serve him, love, honour, and keep him in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all other, keep thee only unto him, so long as ye both shall live?”

A blast, longer and louder than any which had preceded, shook the building as the vicar’s voice died away, and before Jenifer could utter the irrevocable “I will,” the great southern door flew open with a terrific bang, and there rushed in a tall form, in sailor’s garb, but bare-headed and coatless, his dank hair and wet garments testifying to a recent struggle with the waves. All present looked with astonishment on the intruder, who advanced with rapid steps up the nave towards the bridal party. The clerk was

struck with horror at the irregularity of the proceeding, and made a movement to stay the strange-looking addition to the congregation, but was summarily thrust aside.

“Who are you, and what do you want?” asked Mr. Carnanton, recovering from his astonishment. The man returned no answer, but fixed his eyes upon the bride. She trembled under his gaze, and tried two or three times to speak, but her tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of her mouth. At last she gasped out, “Arthur!” and then, with a piercing shriek, fell prone upon the chancel floor.

CHAPTER XX.

THE TEMPEST.

I saw him beat the surges under him,
 And ride upon their backs ; he trod the water,
 Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
 The surge most swoln that met him ; his bold head
 'Bove the contentious waves he kept and oar'd
 Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
 To the shore.

The Tempest.

THE boom which Mr. Carnanton heard as he left his house proceeded from the French brigantine *Marie*, bound from the Cape to Swansea. She had reached into the bay with an east wind, which suddenly veered round to the north and then to the north-west, leaving her to fight the storm on a lee shore.

She was a gallant little vessel, and there seemed every prospect of her weathering the projecting point of the bay and reaching St. Enodoc harbour when, in a fearful lurch, her foremast went by the board, to be followed in a few minutes by the mainmast, leaving her a helpless prey to the angry waves. Signals of distress were fired, and the anchors were let go on the chance of their holding. For two or three minutes they held on while the waves swept her from stem to stern, and then, spite of the length and strength of the cables, a mighty billow lifted her up, and dashed her towards the shore, snapping the iron links as if they were tow.

Looking through the dimness of the morning light they perceived that a group of men, aroused by their firing, had congregated on the beach, and were waiting to render what assistance they could. With

a thud which made her timbers quiver the brigantine struck the shore, and every wave swept her deck. A flash was seen by the crew, and in a moment a line fell across the deck between the two stumps of the masts. It was the rocket apparatus, worked by the coastguard, which sent them such welcome help. Directed by a sailor taller than the rest, the Frenchmen hauled in the line, and soon a stout hawser formed a bridge between the brigantine and the shore. Some of the crew at once grasped the rope and, hand over hand, made for the beach, where the coastguard did their utmost to help them, rushing into the boiling surge again and again to seize the shivering and half-drowned sailors.

Two men, one of them being the captain, declined to trust themselves to the rope until the tall sailor threatened to throw them overboard if they did not at once

leave the ship, and accompanied his threats by such action as showed that he would not fail to carry them out. Choosing the lesser of the two evils, the captain and his man reluctantly trusted themselves to the swinging rope, and, after some narrow escapes, reached the shore in safety. Last of all the tall seaman left the ship. He had been drawn only a few feet when the ship broke asunder amidships, and the stump of the mast, round which the hawser was fastened, parted company with the hull, dropping him into the sea among the floating wreckage. Clearing himself from the ropes, he struck out for his life. It was evident that he was a first-rate swimmer, and he had need be to reach the shore. The breakers were immense, and the broken timbers threatened every moment to crush him. He reached the beach in safety, however, and two of the coastguards were

rushing towards him when he was knocked backwards by a retreating wave and had again to swim for his life. For a minute or two he held off waiting for a favourable opportunity, and then, rising on the crest of a wave, he was dashed violently on the beach. The blow stunned him for a moment, and he would again have been drawn off, but the two coastguards, with ropes round their waists, rushed forward and grasped him, and, with his rescuers, he was drawn ashore in safety.

“Thank God,” he gasped out as soon as he recovered his breath, “thank God we are all saved.”

“Hullo !” exclaimed a coastguard, “why here’s an Englishman. I thought they was all pally voos, and yet I could hardly believe that a Frenchman would have sense to manage the hawser like that. Where do ye hail from, mate ?”

“Well, I hail from the South Pacific now,” the man replied, “but when I’m at home I hail from this very parish. This is St. Enodoc, isn’t it?”

“Yes, this is St. Enodoc; but who in the world are you? I seem to know your face. Why, as I am alive, you are Treleaven, who was drowned three or four years ago.”

“Yes, I am Arthur Treleaven; but I wasn’t drowned, for here I am.”

“My eyes!” exclaimed the coastguard, as something seemed to flash across his mind, “better you had been drowned and ha’ done with it.”

“What do you mean?” asked Arthur.

“Mean? why I mean that the t’other chap is marrying your sweetheart, that’s what I mean. They’re in the church this very minute, I’spect, for I heard they were going to be married at eight o’clock, and ’tis just eight by me.”

Without any very definite idea of what he was doing Arthur set off as fast as his legs could carry him in the direction of St. Enodoc. Once or twice he was thrown down and bruised, but he rose instantly and ran on as before. He reached the church in a very few minutes, and raising the latch, the door, impelled by the wind, flew open with a crash, adding to the effect of his unlooked-for entrance. His sudden appearance as of one risen from the dead so wrought upon Jenifer's overstrung nerves that she fell insensible on the floor. It was impossible under such circumstances to proceed with the ceremony, and Jenifer, as soon as she recovered consciousness, was led home by her almost distracted father and mother.

The two young men left the church together. Mark's buoyant spirits had vanished, and he was now a prey to one of

the most violent and dangerous of the passions—jealousy, the green-eyed monster. He said nothing to Arthur, but if his looks had any meaning he fervently wished him, where he had long been supposed to be, at the bottom of the Atlantic.

Arthur, on his part, was too much bewildered by recent events to realize his present position or future prospects: he only wanted to comfort again the heart of his widowed mother. As he passed through the churchyard he was hailed by the old sexton, who hobbled up to him and croaked out,—

“That’s where I put her—a capital bit of ground, never brokked afore.”

“What do you mean?” asked Arthur, a cold shiver running through him. “Whom did you put there?”

“Why, thy mother, my son,” answered

the sexton; "she died six months or so arter thee was drowned, grieving about it. Nobody never suspected that thee would ever come to life again."

"My God! and have I come home again for this?" said the poor castaway, flinging himself upon the wet grass which covered his mother's grave. "Better I had been drowned as they supposed. I have lost everything worth having. I am a fugitive and a vagabond upon the face of the earth."

As the sexton was looking helplessly on, not knowing what to say or do, Mr. Carranton came up.

"My poor friend," he said, when the sexton had explained how matters stood, "come home with me. I can give you dry clothes and food and shelter until we see what can be done. Come along, you will die with cold if you stay there."

“It won’t much matter, sir,” answered Arthur, rising from the ground, while the tears streamed down his face.

“Come, come, Arthur, this weeant do,” said Daniel Trewhella, who had approached unobserved; “you must come home weth me. I was upset just now, or I should have put ’ee home then. Come, mother’s waitin’ for ’ee, and” (hesitating) “Jennifer.”

“Go home with your friend if you prefer it,” said Mr. Carnanton. “You’ll take care of him, Daniel, I know. I’ll look in to-morrow.”

Arthur turned and followed Daniel in silence. He seemed still like one in a dream. Things had so changed during his absence that he could not yet adapt himself to the altered circumstances. He recollected himself when he came to the door, and shrank from entering, but

Daniel grasped him firmly by the hand and led him in. Rebecca received him warmly.

“My son,” she said, throwing her arms around him, “I doant knaw where you’ve been or where you’ve come from, but I thank God you’ve come back again.”

Jenifer’s welcome was subdued and hesitating. She blushed crimson as Arthur took her hand and imprinted a kiss upon her forehead. She hardly knew what to say to her restored lover, for she felt that she was involved in a labyrinth out of which, as yet, there appeared no exit.

Dry clothing was furnished Arthur, and food, but he could not touch a morsel of the latter. At times his teeth chattered as with cold, to be followed by burning flushes. His manner appeared so strange that Mrs. Trewhella urged him to go to

bed and rest. An hour or two after Daniel, hearing strange sounds, went to his chamber and found him tossing from side to side in strong delirium. The doctor being called immediately gave it as his opinion that it would probably develope into brain fever, the result of the excessive mental strain, accelerated by exposure.

Soon after the doctor left Mark called to see Jenifer. Both were greatly embarrassed. Mark began by inquiring if she had recovered from her faintness, to which she replied that she was better, but still felt weak and shaken. He wanted to ask all the time, although he dreaded the answer, when the wedding could be proceeded with. With considerable hesitation he began,—

“I suppose, Jenny, this affair will not make any difference in our relations to each other?”

Jenifer remained silent.

“You won’t marry him?” asked Mark in desperation.

“I don’t know what I shall do,” she replied. “I don’t know that he wishes to marry me; but whether he does or not, he is now too ill to say. I am sorry for you, Mark, more sorry than I can say, for you have been very good to me; but the truth had better be told at once—I can never marry you while Arthur Treleaven lives, unless he first gives me up.”

“But he gave you up by staying away all this time.”

“That I don’t know, we haven’t heard his story yet.”

At this moment Daniel entered the room and the conversation ended, and after a few words on ordinary topics, Mark left, saying that he would look in again next day.

On the following morning Jenifer heard with astonishment that Mark had left St.

Enodoc, and in the course of the day Jeremiah brought her a note which he said his son had left for her. It was as follows :—

MY DEAR JENIFER,—I can see that your mind is made up, and that no persuasion of mine would induce you to marry me. It would only be painful to both of us if I persisted. I had hoped to make a happy future for you and for myself, but that foolish hope is dead. Think of me as one who loved you and is passed away, for I shall never trouble you again. I have determined, as soon as things can be arranged, to throw up my appointment in the post-office and seek my luck in America. I am too proud to be looked upon for life by the gossips of St. Enodoc as the half-married bridegroom.

“Your true friend,

“MARK RUNDLE.”

Jenifer was deeply touched by this epistle, and she murmured to herself, "Poor Mark, poor Mark, with all your faults you were very good to me."

Meanwhile the patient upstairs was tossing from side to side in the burning heat of a fever, now moaning piteously for water and complaining that the sun's rays were scorching him, now calling for Jenifer and upbraiding her in tones which cut her to the heart as she sat listening in the room below. Again he would shout with tremendous energy, "Land! land! saved at last!" till even Daniel could scarcely bear it. After a long struggle the fever was mastered, and Arthur looked up on Daniel and Rebecca, weak in body from the conflict, but in his right mind.

As soon as he was strong enough to talk much he told his story.

The *Annie Lee* was well manned and

found, and they were congratulating each other on the rapid and pleasant voyage, when the ship was set on fire by the carelessness of two of the crew, who had broken into the store-room to procure some spirits. All hands were roused and strenuous exertions were made to extinguish the flames, but without avail; and it was soon seen that the only hope of safety lay in the boats. The crew consisted of a dozen men. Six were allotted to each of the two boats, and, the sea being smooth, they were enabled to put on board a couple of kegs of water and a bag or two of biscuit, which they rescued with difficulty from the burning brig. The captain took charge of the smaller boat, having Arthur and Nash among his crew of five, while the remaining six men occupied the other boat, the mate being in command. Both boats stood near the brig until daybreak, when the fire

completed its work, and she sank before their eyes, leaving them adrift on the broad ocean.

The boats kept company for two days, making as best they could for the nearest land. At the end of that time a dispute arose between the captain and the mate as to the proper course to steer, and discipline being in abeyance, the boats parted company. It mattered little which was right, for the wind rose, and for sixteen days they were compelled to run dead to leeward to avoid being swamped in the heavy sea. Where they were by that time was more than the captain could say. Unfortunately this was not their worst trouble, for the biscuit began to run short, and the water, although carefully husbanded, was almost done. The burning rays of the sun, too, played upon their unprotected and scantily clad bodies until a

raging thirst set all ideas of prudence at naught, and sent them more frequently than ever to the rapidly diminishing water. But a veil must be drawn over the rest. The boat drifted on, each day bringing greater misery to its occupants, until horrors were perpetrated which Arthur could only hint at. When the boat struck the land early one morning, Arthur Treleven was the only one living of the six men who had left the side of the *Annie Lee*.

Awaking from an unquiet sleep, Arthur felt that the boat was gently grating against a coral reef which fringed a small island. He managed to get on shore, and soon found the water he was dying for, and a few sea-birds' eggs, which served him for food. On this island he lived a kind of Robinson Crusoe life, subsisting on eggs and such fruit as he could find, until, as

he was abandoning all hope of rescue, his exile was put an end to by a vessel which passed the island and sent a boat ashore to procure water. From this vessel he was transferred to the French brig *Marie*, bound to Swansea, which, as already related, suffered shipwreck upon the coast of his own parish.

As to the future and to his relation to Jenifer, it was too soon to say anything about that. For the present he was as weak as any child, and only by careful nursing could he ever hope to be the strong man he was before he left home.

CHAPTER XXI.

“ I WILL.”

O true and tried, so well and long,
Demand not thou a marriage lay ;
In that it is thy marriage day
Is music more than any song.

In Memoriam.

THE buds were bursting forth on the trees, and the birds were uttering their spring love-song before Arthur's strength came back again. For a considerable time after he regained consciousness the state of Jenifer's feelings towards him was unknown, but when a letter came from Mark to his father saying that he had landed at New York, the old hope revived, and the love, which had never ceased, asserted its sway,

and he sought opportunity to ask the old question over again.

One evening Daniel strolled down to the quay to see his boat, while Rebecca went to inquire for Mrs. Craddock. Arthur sat in the little kitchen reading, or rather, he appeared to be reading, for he held the book before him. But his thoughts were elsewhere. He was thinking of the old days before he went to sea, when the course of love was running smoothly despite unfavourable worldly circumstances, and contrasting that time with the present, when lucrative work was ensured to him as soon as he was strong enough to take it, but his bride was again to be wooed and won, or lost, as the case might be.

He looked up as one caught in some wrongdoing as Jenifer entered and stood, for the first time since his return, alone in his presence. In her embarrassment she

would have made an excuse to leave the room, but he called her back.

“Jenifer,” he said, in the old loving tone.

She made no answer, but sank into a chair, covering her blushing face with both hands.

“Jenifer,” he repeated.

“Yes, Arthur,” she answered softly.

“Will you be vexed with me for speaking to you? You know what I am going to say?”

Jenifer shook her head in answer to these questions.

“Your mother has been telling me about Mark Rundle, and his going abroad after I came back, but I want to hear from your own lips the true story. I do not blame you for not waiting for me. I was away too long for you to suppose I should ever come back again; but if you loved Mark,

why did you give him up? and if you didn't love him, why did you consent to marry him?”

In answer Jenifer told simply and unreservedly the whole story of Mark's importunity and her own tardy assent for the sake of her parents.

“ Why did Mark give you up?” he asked when she had concluded her recital.

“ I cannot tell you that,” she replied.

“ Well, I won't press you to tell me; I don't know that I have any right to. But what I do want to know is this—could you love me again as in the old days if you tried?”

“ I don't want to try,” she said gently.

“ Do you love me now?” he asked.

“ I have never ceased to love you. I am quite content to be what I once was, if you will let me.”

A long embrace made the intervening

time as though it had never been, and they were lovers as before the ill-fated voyage.

Jenifer looked up into Arthur's face as he held her, and whispered, "I don't mind telling you now why Mark gave me up."

"Why, my darling?" he asked.

"Because I told him that I could never marry him while you were alive, unless you first gave me up," she answered, hiding her face on his breast.

Daniel and Rebecca were delighted to hear on their return of the renewal of the old love. With all their friendship for Mark, Arthur was their favourite, and they preferred the fisherman as their son-in-law to the well-to-do post-office official—not that it was probable that Arthur would return to the old fisher life. Mr. Lankester, a friend of Mrs. Dunstable, had recently come to reside in the neigh-

bourhood, and at her recommendation had offered the management of his small yacht to Arthur, with Daniel, who was well content to take second place, as his assistant. This arrangement was all that could be desired, for it offered better remuneration than fishing, with far less exposure.

The wedding-day soon came—a day of blue sky and bright sunshine, and spring flowers and the music of birds. Love gave away the bride, and the very heavens seemed to smile upon the union, for, as they stood at the altar, the sun streamed through the coloured windows and lighted up their faces with a golden radiance.

Jenifer did not hesitate to-day when the solemn question was put, “Jenifer, wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband, to live together after God’s ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou obey him and serve him, love,

honour, and keep him in sickness and in health ; and, forsaking all other, keep thee only unto him, so long as ye both shall live ? ”

“ I will,” she answered quietly but firmly, and God, by the mouth of His priest, added His blessing, and irrevocably made them one.

Mr. Josiah, who was unusually bland, signed the register with the father and mother and Mrs. Sims, and the handsome bride and bridegroom went home, the old pew-opener in her confusion wishing them many happy returns of the day.

Mrs. Craddock was ill able to walk even with the assistance of a stick, but she made a supreme effort, and attended to grace the ceremony.

“ They looked quite a pictur’,” she remarked to her friend the pew-opener, “ as ef they just comed out of a bandbox.”

“ So they did,” replied that official. “ I never liked that black-looking, hoity-toity young Rundle, and ’twas almost a providential marcy that the wind blawed—yes, that’s the word—blawed away the first wedding.”

“ I like funerals better than weddings,” observed Mrs. Craddock somewhat irrelevantly ; “ a good funeral, weth plenty of crape and hat-bands, es what I delights in. ’T’es always a comfort to me to think that another poor mortal es tootk out of the miseries of this sinful world.”

“ My dear,” said the pew-opener, “ I don’t agree with ’ee at all. A weddin’ is my delight, it opens people’s hearts and purses. ‘ Mary, hold your hand, here’s a couple of shillins for ’ee,’ that’s what a weddin’ do mean ; but a funeral do make people all husky and dismal and tight. The only person besides you I know of who is

fond of funerals is the sexton, and he told me only yesterday he's gettin' owld, and is nearly tired of buryin' people."

"Wish 'ee well, Meeary," said Mrs. Craddock, cutting her friend short; "I'm divited to the dennar, so I must crawl away home so well as I can."

And the old lady hobbled off.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE WEDDING FEAST.

The guests are met, the feast is set :
May'st hear the merry din.

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.

A FEAST of fat things was spread for the wedding guests in Daniel Trewhella's little parlour—not at Daniel's expense, it must be confessed. . A goose and a plum-pudding were not often seen on his poor table, and they would scarcely have appeared there to-day but for the kindheartedness of Mrs. Dunstable, who insisted on being allowed to provide those delicacies, and some beautiful flowers in addition to set them off.

The parlour looked its best. An immense

amount of labour and furniture-polish had been lavished upon the ancient mahogany table and chairs, and the effects of old age, which they were beginning to manifest, were cunningly concealed ; so much so that Daniel expressed to his worthy spouse his solemn opinion that they were looking better than new. Daniel himself had undertaken the work of carefully dusting the impressive, albeit somewhat grotesque, pictures which adorned the walls, and at the same time imparted useful knowledge, and Samson and Joshua, and other well-known Scripture characters looked down blandly upon the roast goose and plum-pudding aforesaid.

The guests were all old friends. First in importance was the postmaster—I had almost said Postmaster-General--Mr. Josiah Toms, who displayed signs of extreme old age in the scanty white hairs and trembling

limbs. Mr. Josiah seemed to have lost much of his old acrimony and contempt for womankind and matrimony. Mellowness had come with age, and one might be pardoned for mistaking him for a bland and estimable old grandfather. Fortunately Mrs. Craddock was present, so that there was no fear of any lack of the condiments of conversation: not even the most slanderous tongue in St. Enodoc had ever charged Mrs. Craddock with being bland. Mrs. Sims, according to her wont, contented herself with playing the part of the echo. Captain Penbole, who came from Pendruthan on purpose to attend the wedding, was the fourth and last of the guests.

The dinner was merry and sad by turns, for they could not altogether forget the old troubles, but on the whole there was far more joy than sadness. Daniel's form seemed to grow erect again, and the troubled

look faded out of Rebecca's eyes as they thought of the future which God seemed to be promising them and their children.

The dinner was a great success. The cooking defied even Mrs. Craddock's critical eyes and palate to find fault, and the rest of the company were in no fault-finding humour. Captain Penbole, in his abounding good temper, essayed to mollify the acid demeanour of Mrs. Craddock, who sat next him, but, it must be confessed, with indifferent success.

"Fine weather lately, ma'am," he began.

"Iss, too fine, a passel," she answered; "where's the barley comin' from if it stays like this."

"But we've had some nice refreshing showers lately," said the captain.

"Refreshing for the snails; I doant think anybody else es refreshed very much.

The snails in my bit of garden do worrit my life out, and as for slugs, they're like boy-constructors in a way of spakin'. I had a geranian like a pictur', and they've a ait he like hawly-work, or embroider', I believe they do call it."

"Lime is very good for 'em," suggested the captain.

"'Tes my belief they'd awnly laugh at it," said Mrs. Craddock; "they're the gashliest disposition snails I ever meet weth. Why, there's my satin gown, I've had he forty years, and—would 'ee believe it?—I went to teeake un down from the nail this mornin', where I'd hanged un to smooth out the craises, and ef there wodn a great shiny track all up the middle of the back. Ef a snail'll do that, he'll do anything."

"The snails are evidently very ferocious in these parts," observed Captain Penbole, winking at Daniel.

“Iss,” assented the host, “and it appears to me that they’re wuss Mrs. Craddock’s way than they are anywhere else. How are ’ee gittin’ on, Kezia?”

“Aw, this suspicious day have a meeade me happy, sure ’nough.”

“Excuse me, Mrs. Sims,” said Captain Penbole with a learned air, “but I think you mean a hawspicious, not a suspicious day.”

“Iss, I suppose I do,” said Mrs. Sims, “but ’tes all the seeame to me, hawspicious or sawspicious.”

“Never mind, Aunt Kezia, we understand you very well,” said Arthur, nodding across the table.

“Bless ’ee, my dear,” said Mrs. Sims, bridling up with pleasure at hearing Arthur claiming the new relationship.

“Our friend Mrs. Sims is no great grammarian,” remarked Mr. Josiah, “but

she has got a good heart, and that will do the world more good than faultless grammar. Thank you, a little more pudding, Mrs. Trewhella."

At this moment the door was loudly knocked, and Daniel, who opened it, saw standing before him his old friend Mr. Burlington.

"Excuse me, Mr. Daniel," he said, "for intruding upon you at such an interesting, I might almost say, solemn season, but I am down for a few days—came this morning—for the first time for several years. Shall we—a—let bygones be bygones—love, Mr. Daniel, is a great leveller—and, I was going to say, I thought I would run down and express my good wishes and, I hope I may venture to say, give my blessing to the—a—decidedly good-looking young couple."

"Plaise to come inside, sir," said Daniel, when Mr. Burlington's lengthy speech was

ended; "I'm sure we shall all be very glad to see 'ee."

Mr. Burlington entered and greeted the guests, assuming a paternal air when speaking to the bride and bridegroom which was decidedly creditable to him, seeing that nature had afforded him such meagre practice. He had not altered in outward appearance, nor, so far as one could judge, in age. The same long coat (or was it a lineal descendant bearing the family likeness?) adorned—perhaps covered would be more accurate—the same long, bony frame. The same green goggles stood out like railway signals over the same Roman nose.

"Glad to see you," he said, addressing himself to Mr. Josiah, "still presiding with such efficiency over that important department the post-office. A romantic and responsible office that of postmaster, despatching

in one post business orders for large amounts, letters containing lovers' vows and expressing wedded love, missives of evil tidings, and sentences of death. You must feel like an arbiter of the fates, Mr. Josiah."

"I never trouble my head as to the contents of the letters," said the post-master; "I leave the lovers and the old ladies to do that after they get them. All I say to myself is this, 'Here are two despatches for Mr. Brown, and three for Mr. Jones, and the sooner they've got them the better.' There's not much romance in my constitution."

"May I be permitted to drink the health of the—a—happy pair?—I believe that is the correct term," said Mr. Burlington, turning to Daniel.

"By all manner of manes," answered Daniel; "what would 'ee like to drink it

in, sir? we are moastly teetotalers, but we can find somethin' strong."

"Nothing strong for me, Mr. Daniel, thank you. I myself have become in principle nearly a teetotaler—in principle, I say, for I take a drop of whisky now and then, and some brandy when I feel fatigued at night—not an uncommon circumstance with me; but now, as I see you are drinking tea, I will take a cup, very weak, with no sugar and not much milk."

This potent beverage having been prepared, Mr. Burlington resumed,—

"I must apologize for obtruding any remarks upon you, but old acquaintance sake—I may say that, Mr. Daniel, for we have been, so to speak, comrades in arms together, not in the tented field indeed, but in facing the perils of the deep, and capturing the ferocious seal—old acquaintance sake, I say, and past emotions at which

I cannot even hint, give me, if I may so put it, a *locus standi*. Well then, to come to the point," continued Mr. Burlington, waving his tea-cup majestically, "allow me to propose the health of the bride, the white lily of St. Enodoc, and of her tried and true and estimable young husband," and Mr. Burlington made a bow which took in all the company, swallowed his tea, and sank into a chair.

"Hear, hear," said Captain Penbole, slapping his knee, "hear, hear; there's something in grammar after all."

"Mr. Josiah," said the antiquary with a gracious smile, "it is somewhat irregular, I allow, for me to intervene, but might I suggest that it would not be amiss for you to second the motion? You might at this extremely appropriate season wed some practical remarks to the romance of which I have been so unworthy a representative."

“Hear, hear,” said Captain Penbole ;
“capital : never heard better in my life.”

Mr. Josiah rose slowly and pushed back his chair. Then he took off his gold-rimmed spectacles, and, after wiping them in his silk bandanna, carefully adjusted them on his nose. Then he solemnly buttoned up his swallow-tailed coat, arranged the bunch of seals dangling at his watch-chain so as to show them to the best advantage, and at last broke silence and addressed the audience, who were eagerly waiting to hear the oracle, to this effect :—

“Friends” (“Hear, hear,” from Captain Penbole, and a loud “Hush !” from Daniel);
“friends, to-day is an eventful one in the lives of our young people. It is the reward of patient, lasting love” (a subdued “Hear, hear,” from Captain Penbole). “I am not a man given to passing compliments, but I cannot help saying that a sweeter and better

girl than Jenifer one must go a long way to find, while as for Arthur it is enough to say that he is worthy of such a wife as God has given him." Here Mr. Josiah again gave his spectacles a thorough wiping. "I have said many hard things of matrimony in my time" ("Quite right, too," interjected Mrs. Craddock), "but now, ma'am," (turning to the old lady and speaking slowly and emphatically), "I renounce them all. Perhaps," he continued with emotion, "they would never have been said if the death of as good a girl as ever trod this earth had not left me to walk the path of life all these years alone. But I mustn't speak of that now. I hope your wedded life will be long and happy, and that heaven's choicest blessings will rest upon you. I shall not live to see it, for I am an old man, and feel that my race is almost run. But when I am gone, and the little I leave behind is

disposed of, you will see in one little corner of my will evidence that you were not forgotten by your friend Josiah Toms."

A dead silence reigned as Mr. Josiah sat down, for even Captain Penbole could not frame his lips to say "Hear, hear," and Mrs. Craddock was so taken aback at finding that the old bachelor had gone over to the enemy, that she sat for the first time in her life deprived of the power of speech.

Mrs. Dunstable had insisted that the wedding trip should not be shorter than a week, and that she should bear all the expense. Before the speech-making and tea-drinking was fairly over, the little gig which was to take them away drove up to the door, and in a few minutes they were seated and their modest luggage secured, and, waving their hands to their friends, they drove away. The demand that day for rice must have taxed to the utmost the

resources of the local grocers, judging from the quantity which was showered upon the happy couple, Mr. Burlington especially displaying a recklessness and extravagance quite astonishing in a man of his years, and it was computed that no less than eleven pairs of shoes, in various stages of preservation, were thrown after the departing vehicle.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A CORNER OF MR. JOSIAH'S WILL.

Though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better ; yet, for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself ;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich.

Merchant of Venice.

ARTHUR and Jenifer had enjoyed the balmy air of Penzance, and had gazed on the great deep, with the Isles of Scilly in the distance, from the Land's End, and had clambered up St. Michael's Mount, and had moved the Logan Rock. Their appointed holiday was over and they turned with regret from sunny Mount's

Bay and set their faces northwards, where lay their home, and hopes, and friends.

Cornish travelling is not usually done at express speed, and it was far into the afternoon before the trees of St. Enodoc appeared, although St. Michael's Mount had been left behind before the sun was far advanced in the heavens.

"Home, darling," whispered Arthur to his bride.

"Home," she responded, pressing his hand.

As the words passed her lips the great bell of the church gave voice with a boom which rolled up the valley below them. Again it sounded as they entered the little town. Arthur stopped to ask a man he met whose funeral it was.

"Mr. Josiah's," was the answer.

"Mr. Josiah's!" repeated Arthur in astonishment, "when did he die?"

“The morning after you left,” the man replied ; “ he was found dead in bed.”

In surprise and grief they passed on and soon learned all there was to learn from the lips of Rebecca Trehwella. Mr. Josiah had gone to bed in his usual health and had passed away peacefully in his sleep. No letter had been sent to Penzance, in order that the short honeymoon should not be clouded by sorrow for their old friend.

Mr. Josiah was followed to his last resting-place by almost all St. Enodoc. All respected him, and those most who knew him best. They honoured the kindness of heart beneath his stern exterior, and his sterling integrity and truthfulness. It was a great mourning, for a prince, so far as character was concerned, had fallen in Israel. Daniel’s rugged face was wet with tears as he followed the bier. He knew

better, perhaps, than any one else the affection which the old man bestowed on those whom he respected and loved.

The mourners, conventionally so called, filed into Mr. Josiah's parlour on their return from the funeral. It may be doubted whether outside of Daniel's warm heart there was much grief felt by the relatives at Mr. Josiah's demise. Mr. Josiah had held himself aloof from them during his lifetime, and now that he was dead they came to "see the hout of him," as one of them put it, "to wind un up," to quote the phrase of another.

A subdued conversation began as soon as they were seated, and continued until Mr. Hercules Rapson, insurance agent and patent maker of wills to the community generally, entered with the momentous document.

Cousin John Karkeet, a close-fisted, hard-

visaged old farmer, remarked to a cousin of the same ilk, a jovial butcher, that the old gentleman must have "a bra' penny" put by somewhere, while Cousin Tom was decidedly of opinion that Mr. Josiah would cut up well. "Put a baste into good grass," said he by way of illustration, "and he'll naterally spake for hissself when you put a stop to his grunting."

"Perhaps he hasn't left anything to us," suggested nervously a little tailor, who for a wonder was sober at five o'clock in the afternoon.

"Not left us anything?" said Peter Simpson the publican, "why he must have left his money to we; who has he got to leave it to else? I respec' the memory of Mr. Josiah too much to believe that he has passed we by, and if I don't hear Mr. Arkles Rapson read directly, 'I give and bequeath to Cousin Peter Simpson so

much,' I shall begin to ask, 'What's the good of having a cousin?'"

Daniel had sat in silence up to this point, but he could restrain himself no longer.

"I tell 'ee what it es, I'm sheeamed to hear what you are sayin'. Ef I ceeared for Meeaster Josiah on'y for what I could git out av un, I would go and jump ovver cleff to wance, iss, I would. I'd rather have he back than have every farthin' he died worth, ef 'twas ten times so much as 'tes."

Before the cousins could find words to rebuke this monstrous doctrine, Mr. Hercules Rapson, with his face lengthened specially for the occasion, softly opened the door and glided into the room, bearing aloft the last will and testament of Mr. Josiah as if it were the Queen's Speech or Magna Charta, or some equally important

State document. He laid the precious sheet of foolscap on the table while he fixed his spectacles, then he coughed a cough which betokened a combination of condolence and official importance, and lastly he opened the paper and read as follows :—

“I, Josiah Toms, of the parish of St. Enodoc in the county of Cornwall, postmaster, having considered with myself that the frailty of mankind is like the flower in the field, which to-day is and to-morrow is not, it maketh me mindful to be ready to die; and being in perfect memory to prepare for my end, and to arrange all my worldly affairs, I have ordained this to be my last will and testament.

“First of all I bequeath my soul to the Almighty and Everlasting God, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, whom

I humbly beseech to accept thereof out of His infinite mercy and goodness, and to blot out of His remembrance all my innumerable iniquities for the merits of His well-beloved Son Jesus Christ, my only Mediator and true propitiation for my sins.

“Also I bequeath my body to the earth, to be buried therein, in a comely and quiet, and Christian fashion, constantly believing that it will rise again when the trumpet of the archangel is sounded.”

Here the cousins drew their chairs a little closer to the table and squared their elbows. They felt that Mr. Hercules was now coming to the point, and were concerned to know how the residue of the estate was to be disposed of. The above-mentioned personal effects they considered of but nominal value.

Mr. Hercules Rapson continued,—

“And I bequeath ten pounds to be distributed amongst the poorest people of this my native parish by the vicar thereof.

“And I give and bequeath to my cousin Daniel Trewhella, whom I honour for his uprightness, bravery, and kindness of heart, the half of the residue I leave behind, amounting to one thousand pounds, or thereabouts, and the other half to his adopted daughter Jenifer as a token of my love. And I appoint the said Daniel Trewhella the sole executor of this my will.”

“That’s the end, gentlemen,” said Mr. Hercules Rapson with a profound bow, “and if any of you wish to arrange your affairs before your departure, I shall be happy to be of service. My charge is ten shillings, and a trifle of sixpence or so for extras, foolscap, &c.”

But the cousins were too much dissatisfied with the result of Mr. Hercules Rapson's labours in *re* Tom to enter into fresh engagements.

"'Tis a sin and a shame," said the farmer.

"He couldn't be in his right mind to make such a will as that!" exclaimed the butcher.

"I never did think much of teetotalers," observed the publican, "and I think less of 'em now. Nobody but a mean, stingy old water-drinker would have made such a will as that."

Daniel left them to their recriminations and went out into the air, half-dazed with his good fortune. A thousand pounds! Why he was rich, a sort of local Rothschild.

He hurried home to tell the news, and found Mrs. Dunstable talking to Arthur

and Jenifer. Seeing his excited look Jenifer exclaimed,—

“Why, father, are you ill?”

“No,” he answered, “but I’m upset by Mr. Josiah’s will.”

“Are you disappointed at not being remembered?” inquired Mrs. Dunstable.

“No, ma’am, ’tes the other way. I’m to have a thousand pounds, and the news have a’moast toot my breath away. And more than that, there’s another thousand for Jenny there.”

“I am delighted to hear that your declining years are so well provided for,” said Mrs. Dunstable to Daniel, “and” (turning to Arthur) “equally pleased to hear that your wife is not a dowerless bride.”

THE END.

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